The New Soviet Strategy

November 9, 1961 25¢

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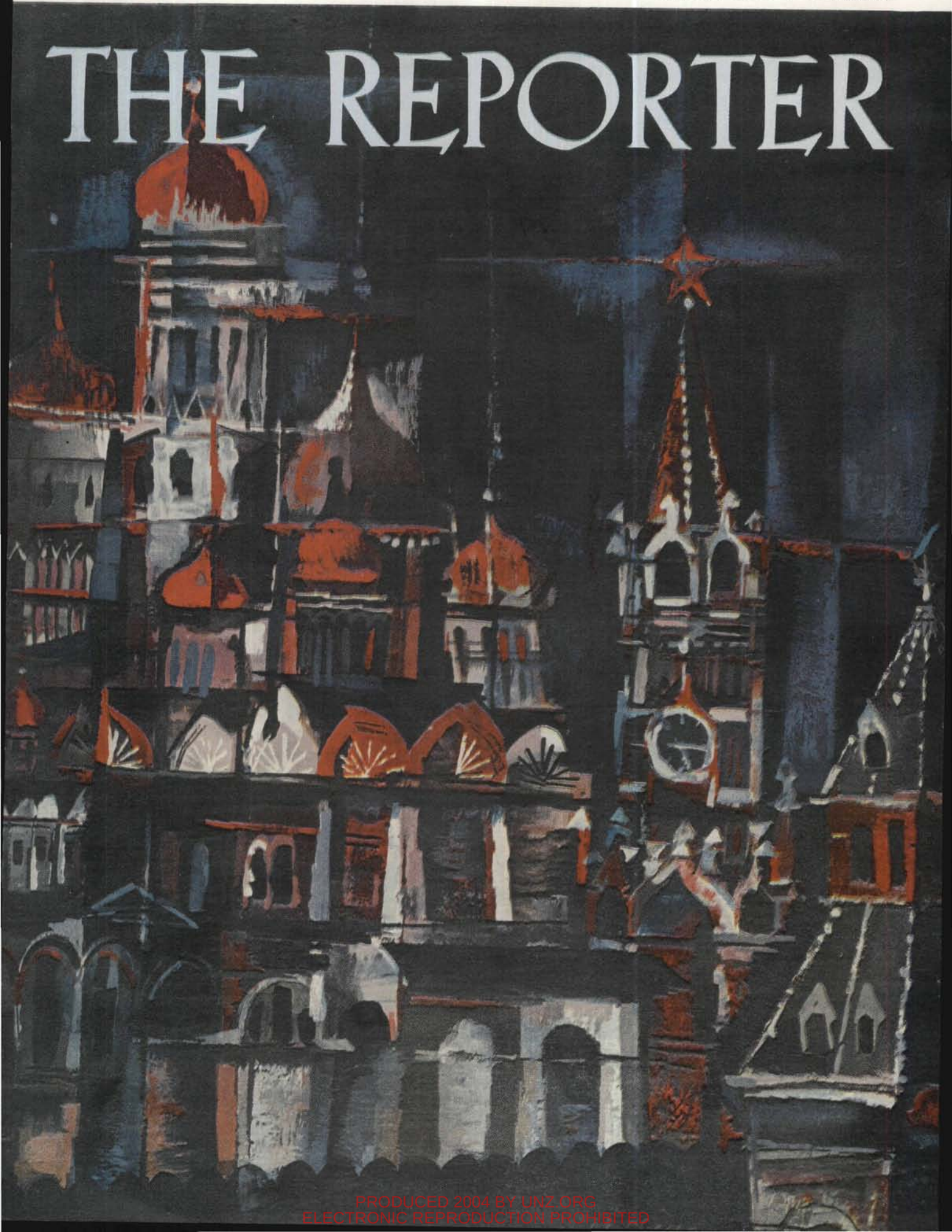
THE REPORTER



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What is your present reading speed? A full column in *The Reporter* ordinarily runs to around 350 words. Read a column now and time yourself with a watch having a second hand. If it takes more than 44 seconds it is practically certain that your speed and comprehension can be improved by the training and practice material in this program.

How many "fixations" do your eyes make on each line? Unconsciously, as you read across each line, your eyes actually move in little jumps. The momentary pauses between these jumps are called "eye fixations." Read part of the material on the left hand page. You should get across each line with not more than three eye fixations. If you are not aware of the number, have someone watch your eyes and count the fixations. Even if there are three—and certainly if there are more—your eye span can be widened by the exercises provided; that is, there will be fewer fixations and you will read faster because of this improvement alone.

Do you find yourself reading word by word, instead of in groups of words or phrases and **do you regress continually,** looking back every line or so to check up on a word or words you either missed or misunderstood? In most cases these habits can be almost totally eliminated.

How well do you retain what you read? Here is a fair immediate test. You probably read in today's newspaper the main news article, the one on the far right-hand side of the front page. Without referring back, write down in a few words what the article was about, what person or persons were principally involved, and any other details evidently important. Then go back to the article and see how attentively you actually did read it. This will reveal to you the way you read all the time; that is, **this is your present standard of comprehension and retention.** If you are not satisfied with the results, your comprehension can be noticeably improved in as few as two lessons.

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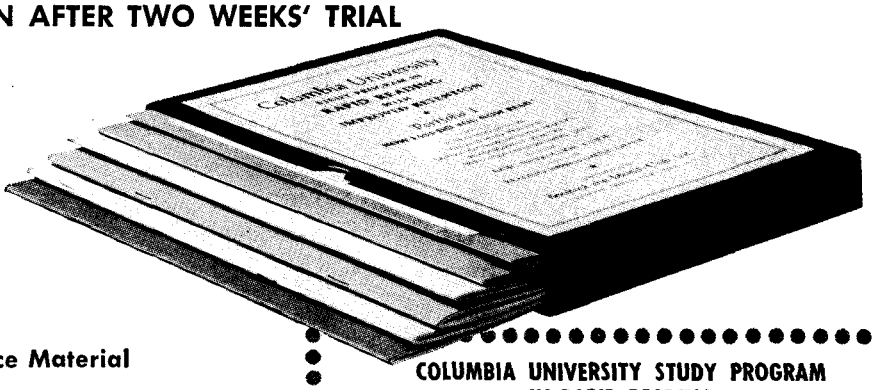

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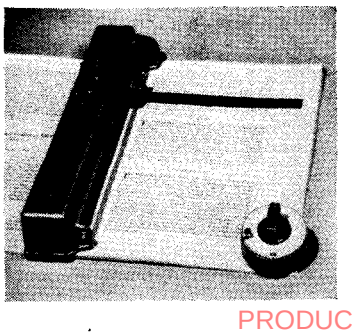

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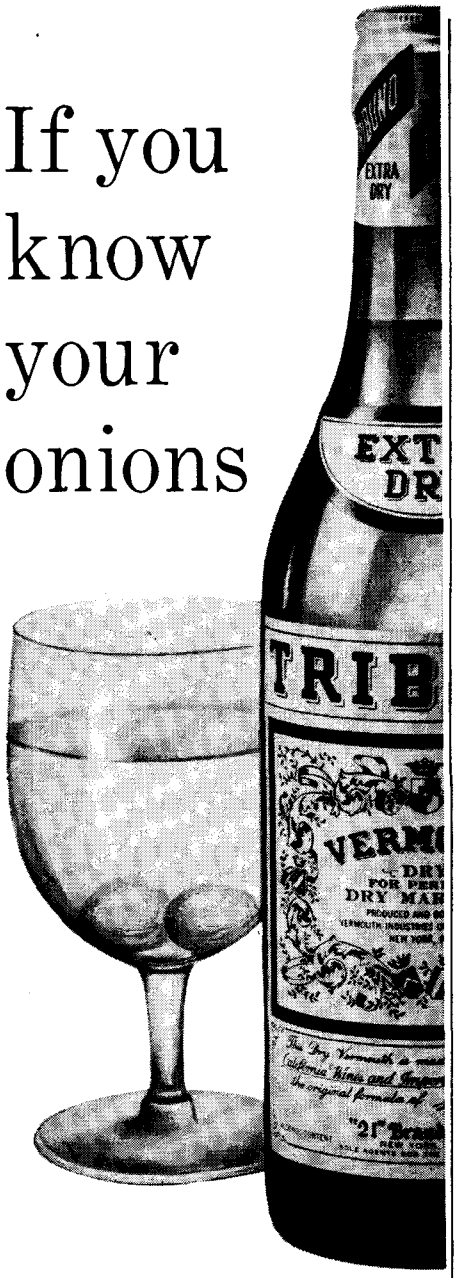

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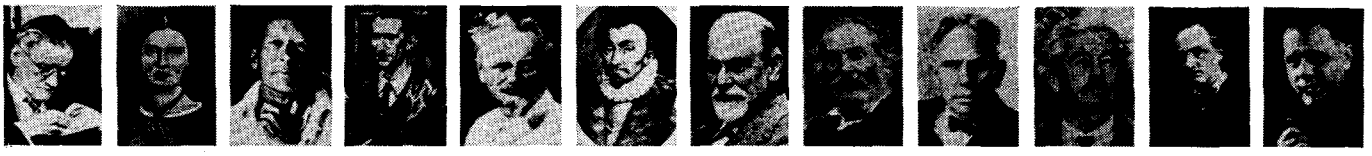

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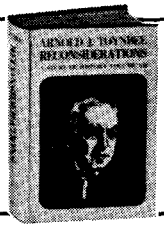

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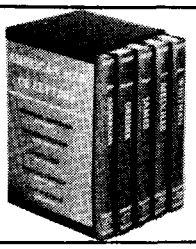

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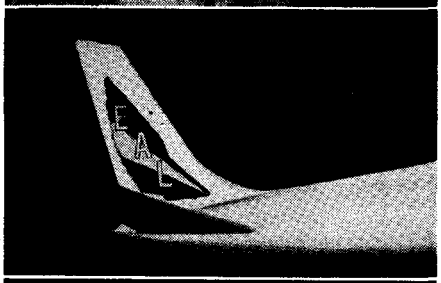

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN HIS EDITORIAL **Max Ascoli** takes issue with a man whom he greatly respects but who he believes has allowed his well-meaning desire for negotiation to make him forget the nature and the arms of the enemy we have to negotiate with. As Max Ascoli has said in a previous editorial, upon which we publish comments from readers in this issue, there are certain demands of that enemy about which no negotiation is possible.

Alastair Buchan brings us on the whole welcome news. The strategic thinking of the Russians has been following our own rather closely. We are accustomed to hearing much talk about gaps in which we are almost invariably behind, but there may well be a gap in strategic thinking in which, fortunately, we are ahead, since we have made our mistakes ahead of the Russians. Certainly they came rather belatedly to believe in the big-bang-for-a-buck theory of unlimited reliance on strategic bombing carried out by missiles or planes, and more recently they have begun to give increasing attention to the means of conventional warfare. . . . They are still playing the brinkmanship game, however, as **General Thomas R. Phillips** realized when he went to Berlin. But even there he found a number of things that support the main thesis of Mr. Buchan's article. The Russian means of warfare in Europe, both nuclear and conventional, are not so fantastically superior to ours as many of us had been led to believe.

THE KATANGA AFFAIR has been a heart-breaking one, first because of the death of Dag Hammarskjöld, but also because of the fact that the multinational army of the world organization had to face a task of gigantic difficulty. A number of military miscalculations were made, but this should in no way make us forget the extraordinarily good and unprecedented job the U.N. has done in the Congo. **Dan Kurzman** is the author of a forthcoming study of Communist infiltration in the underdeveloped world. . . . The Indian Communist Party has been losing adherents by the thousands of late. **B. Shiva Rao** reports from New Delhi, however, that the "defectors," far from being converted to democracy, are engaged in a large-scale Communist plan to infiltrate and control Prime Minister Nehru's Congress Party. Mr. Rao is a journalist and former member of the Indian parliament. . . . In the spring Richard Nixon returns to the political fray to do battle with former Governor Goodwin Knight in California's Republican gubernatorial primary. Governor Brown awaits the victor's pleasure in the fall. If Nixon fails to defeat both—and handily—it seems that a long winter must lie ahead for him. **Bruce Bliven** discusses Nixon's reasons for taking this stern gamble and his chances of getting away with it. Mr. Bliven was for many years editor of the *New Republic*. . . . **Blaine Littell,** who reports on the dubious personality and politics of Kwame Nkrumah, the "Liberator of Ghana," is with CBS News in Accra. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, relates the sad tale of a gentleman who was indiscreet enough to defeat (or appear to defeat) a member of the Byrd machine in a recent electoral contest in the fine old democratic state of Virginia. . . . As British Guiana approaches independence, there has been a rather legitimate apprehension among Americans about what to expect from Dr. Cheddi Jagan, who has been elected as his country's first prime minister. **Edward De Graff,** a free-lance writer, analyzes Dr. Jagan's past record and his present problems.

Robert M. Coates's impressions of Italian hill towns are from his new book *Beyond the Alps*, which will soon be published by Sloane. . . . **Hilton Kramer** wrote the introduction to a book devoted to the paintings of Milton Avery from 1930 to 1960, recently published by Yoseloff. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Alfred Kazin** writes about Sinclair Lewis. . . . **Michael Harrington** is co-editor of *Labor in a Free Society: Arden House Symposium of Trade Unionism* (University of California Press).

Our cover is by **Don Higgins.**

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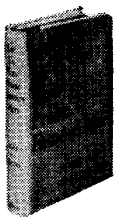

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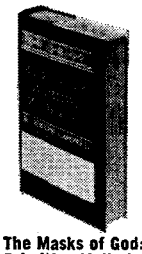

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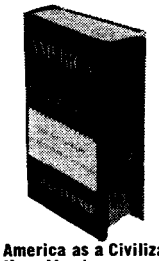

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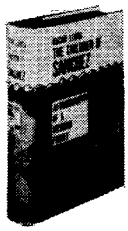

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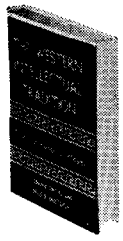

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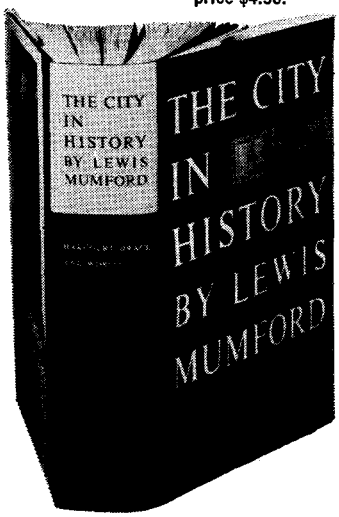

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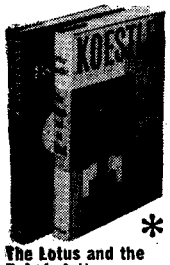

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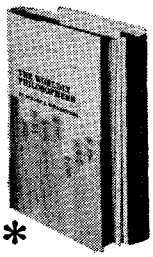

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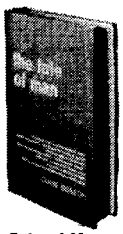

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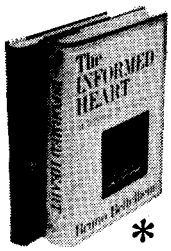

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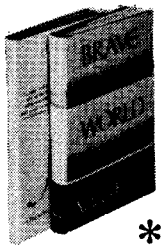

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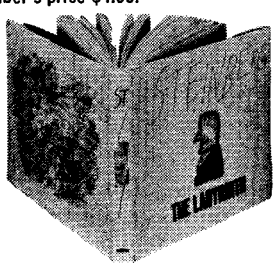

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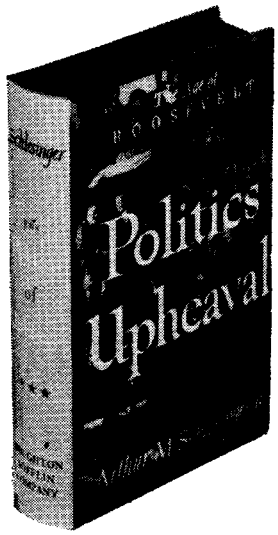

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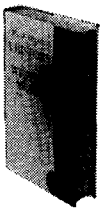

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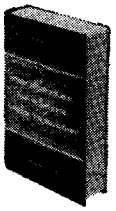

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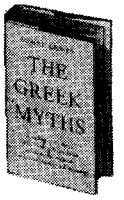

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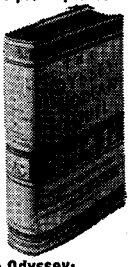

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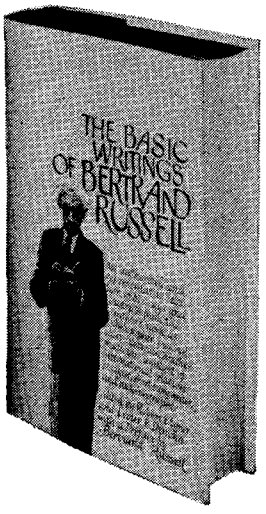

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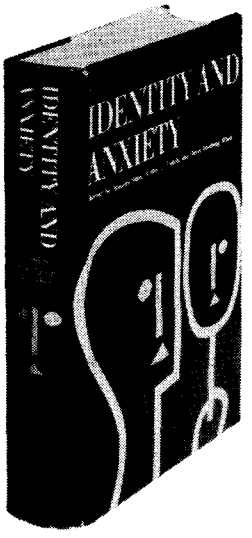

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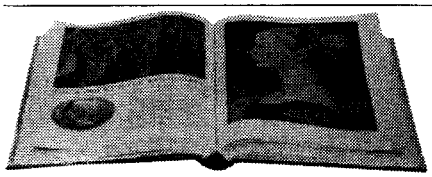

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'RED OR DEAD'

To the Editor: I wish that all the pseudo-liberals who tend vaguely to agree with Bertrand Russell could read your magnificent editorial ("This Red-or-Dead Nonsense," *The Reporter,* October 27).

EMERSON JACOB
Baldwin-Wallace College
Berea, Ohio

To the Editor: I simply cannot take any more of the bellicose and belligerent "tear down the Berlin wall" stuff you have been putting out. I do not believe in heating up or escalating the present crisis. As Bertrand Russell says, too much is at stake. To destroy civilization over the question of which conqueror should get which part of defeated Germany is just too too senseless. All right, the Russians built a wall on their side—so what?

Bertrand Russell is quite right in urging the necessity for peace. If the world could somehow hang on for another generation without another war, perhaps civilization can yet be saved.

DAVID S. TILLSON
Ohio University
Athens, Ohio

To the Editor: The comments about my address that you make in your editorial entitled "This Red-or-Dead Nonsense" are most fair, objective, and deeply intelligent. I am of the impression that on the broader aspects of the answer to the question, we are in fairly close agreement. But this is not what pleases me so much about your editorial. Instead it is your ability to disagree agreeably and to criticize constructively—a knack that is far too rare in these troubled times.

MARGARET CHASE SMITH
U. S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: It is alarming to observe that many citizens are coming, little by little, to accept the idea that we may have to initiate the use of nuclear weapons to fulfill our "moral commitments." There is no "moral commitment" to commit such an atrocity. A nuclear war would destroy the most basic of all human rights—the right to exist—not only for Americans and Russians but for millions of people in other countries, who would be involved without any regard to "self-determination."

Let us remember, as Dean John C. Bennett of Union Theological Seminary recently wrote in a letter to the New York *Times,* "some restraint in the relating of means to ends is still in order."

MARION HYMAN
Buffalo, New York

To the Editor: Your editorial strictures on Bertrand Russell neither do justice to his arguments nor to your own liberal reputation. If you wish to condemn his

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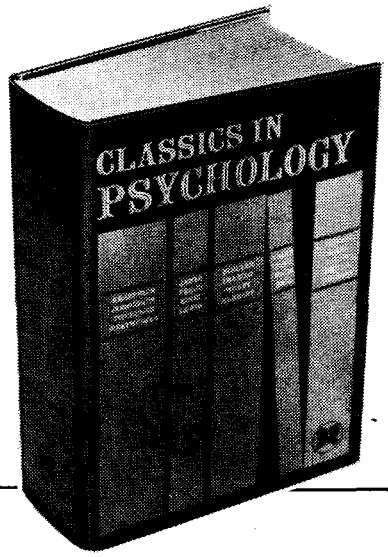

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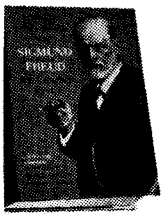

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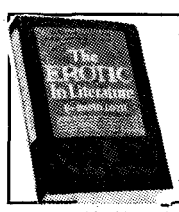

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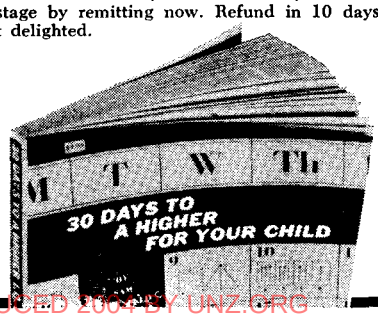

"Red-or-dead" statement, then in all fairness you should first consider the theory that underlies it, i.e., the theory of British unilateral nuclear disarmament. We believe that Britain is in a unique position to demonstrate her sincerity—and that of the western alliance—by renouncing all nuclear weapons. Britain's "deterrent" has no significant strategic value. In fact, reliance on it has only reduced the efficiency of her conventional forces. Britain's example should create a climate of world opinion in which the Soviet Union and the United States would be forced to take disarmament seriously. It should put a brake on the plans of other nations for nuclear status. Furthermore, Britain would offer her territory to the U.N. as a testing ground for systems of inspection and control.

We do not say that *any* resistance to Communism will inevitably lead to universal death. We do say that excessive reliance on nuclear weapons as instruments of political policy will. We do not say that America should give up the bomb. But we believe that Britain's renunciation could be the first step towards general disarmament.

JOHN GITTINGS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: There are several common traits among the proprietors of totalitarian states, whether the proprietor sits in the patio of a Spanish villa or behind the brick ramparts of the Kremlin. One of the common traits is to prosecute a vested cause as far as circumstances permit. Hitler took Austria because he could. Khrushchev, to please his own appetite and secure his role in the shifting politics of world Communism, will take Berlin, South Vietnam, or any acre outside the Iron Curtain—but again, only if he can.

It is not warmongering doctrine to suggest, as you did most handsomely, that the only path to peace is bold decisions endorsed by appropriate military strength, negotiating but not relying upon mere negotiations as a sort of philosophical Maginot Line. It is simply the truth. A harsh truth for the weary human family. But unless we learn this truth and draw policy from it, and confide in ourselves that man's spirit can survive this nuclear poker game, assuredly we either shall be Red or dead.

WILLIAM C. BAGGS, Editor
The Miami *News*
Miami, Florida

To the Editor: You have succeeded in expressing the feelings and frustrations of many who watch with concern the good-natured impotence of the western powers faced with the uninhibited bullying of Mr. Khrushchev.

If there is anything more aggravating than the Berlin crisis itself, it is the way some western intellectuals reacted to it. Maybe the time has come to ask the crucial and not merely academic question: what would these people have said about resisting or not resisting

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If bookstores were as plentiful as grocers and druggists there would be no need for book clubs. The fact that only a few large cities can maintain bookstores of a size to carry a fair assortment of books means that the great majority of the people find their reading matter with difficulty and by chance. The book club is one answer to this problem.

Moreover, the bookstore prices of good books have been going up and up. In our economy, consumers are increasingly differentiating between the list and market prices of most items. The book club, by providing wide distribution – plus the convenience of mail delivery – enables readers to obtain books at substantial discounts. If you buy your books through The Mid-Century Book Society, you can save 50% or more through low member's prices and free bonus books of your own choice.

Today's book clubs cater to different publics and have different working principles, from mere general merchandising to highly specialized selections, such as books on science or sports. The Mid-Century Book Society was formed two years ago to offer its members Literature in the traditional sense, new books that are most likely to endure, and the less-than-new of the same quality that may have been overlooked in the hurly-burly of publishing and advertising.

Have you noticed that even though most books are reviewed favorably, many prove to be disappointing once you read them? To preclude such disappointments, The Mid-Century Book Society offers only those books that pass what we believe to be the toughest test: Each is read and approved by a distinguished editorial board – Lionel Trilling, America's most influential literary critic; Jacques Barzun, Provost of Columbia University, whose widely-celebrated best seller, The House of Intellect, has aroused the enthusiasm of tens of thousands; and W. H. Auden, one of the great poets of the English language. No book is chosen solely because of its availability or timeliness or popularity – and no book is rejected because it is timely or popular. In short, the editors act as if they were choosing for themselves, in the unaffected manner of a person trying to suit his real intellectual, moral, and artistic interests.

No three editors could be found who differed more in background, national origins, temperament, and professional specialization. They read the large numbers of "possible" books that the presses of Europe and America produce – biography, history, superior fiction, drama, belles lettres, and current events – and choose only those few they value enough to put on their shelves and recommend to their fellow Mid-Centurions.

They do more: they read and judge and they also write for The Mid-Century magazine a review of each selection, a review in no way slanted to make a book appear any better than it is, a review as unaffected as the choice itself. The very fact that these men are willing to do this in the midst of their otherwise full literary lives is perhaps the best guaranty that this particular club is, within the limits of human fallibility, just what it professes to be: An aid to the thoughtful reader who wants to own only the very best books at the greatest possible savings.

If you would again like to read books with pleasure, and if you appreciate courtesy and convenience as well as good taste, you will soon know why so many people distinguished for their own work in the arts and professions have elected to join the Society, as we hope you will now. Surely there are up to three selections on the following two pages that you would want to own at only $1 each as your introduction to membership in America's most discriminating new book service.

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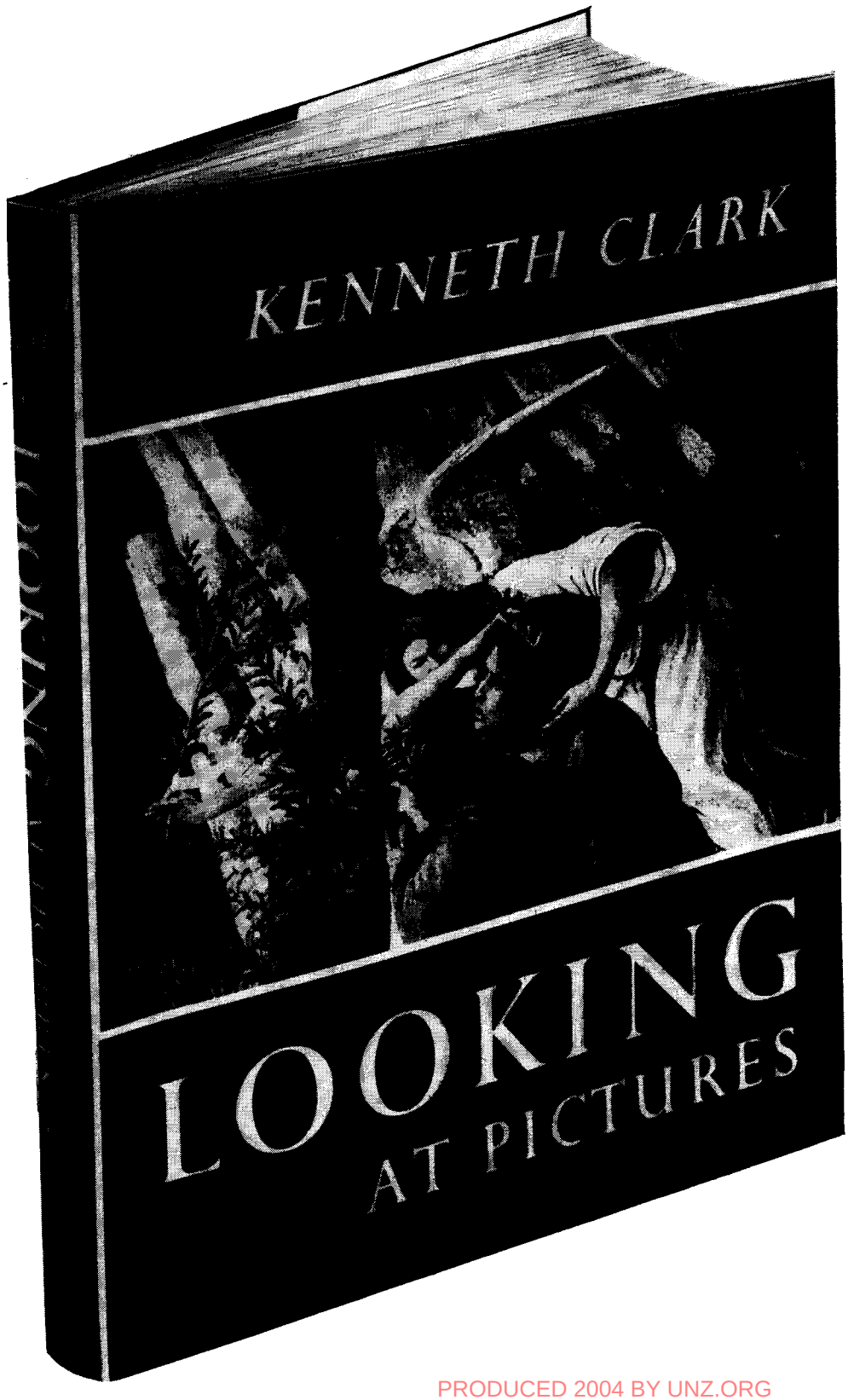

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THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960
By THEODORE H. WHITE

Hitler or Franco if atomic weapons had been invented in the 1930's? Is it not possible that present-day reluctance on their part to admit the necessity of resisting the Soviet more forcefully is rooted not so much in the fear of nuclear holocaust as in the amazing tenacious (and possibly unconscious) survival of the ideals and hopes of the 1930's? Is it not possible that the guise of objectivity (expressed in the well-known airy equation of the "two big powers" and their respective shortcomings) feeds on the old intellectual hopes in the possibility of the Soviet representing an avenue of desirable social transformation?

One is tempted to say that some of these intellectuals seem to exhibit, if not the desire for self-destruction, at least a craving or indifference toward a type of slavery they have no real conception of. It is the depressing irony of the situation that when more intimate experiences will make them reconsider their position, it will be of little value. Having spent twenty-four years of my life in Hungary (which I left in 1956), I particularly appreciated your insights which are given to so few—and strangely enough, to even fewer intellectuals—who never had the bad fortune to base their views and generalizations on solid and immediate experience of the nature of Soviet totalitarianism.

PAUL HOLLANDER
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: You have ably put into perspective the dangers that are inherent in our seemingly uncontrollable propensity to negotiate every time the Soviets take one more step in the direction of their announced aim of world domination.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS
U. S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

Solution to
THE REPORTER
Puzzle #42

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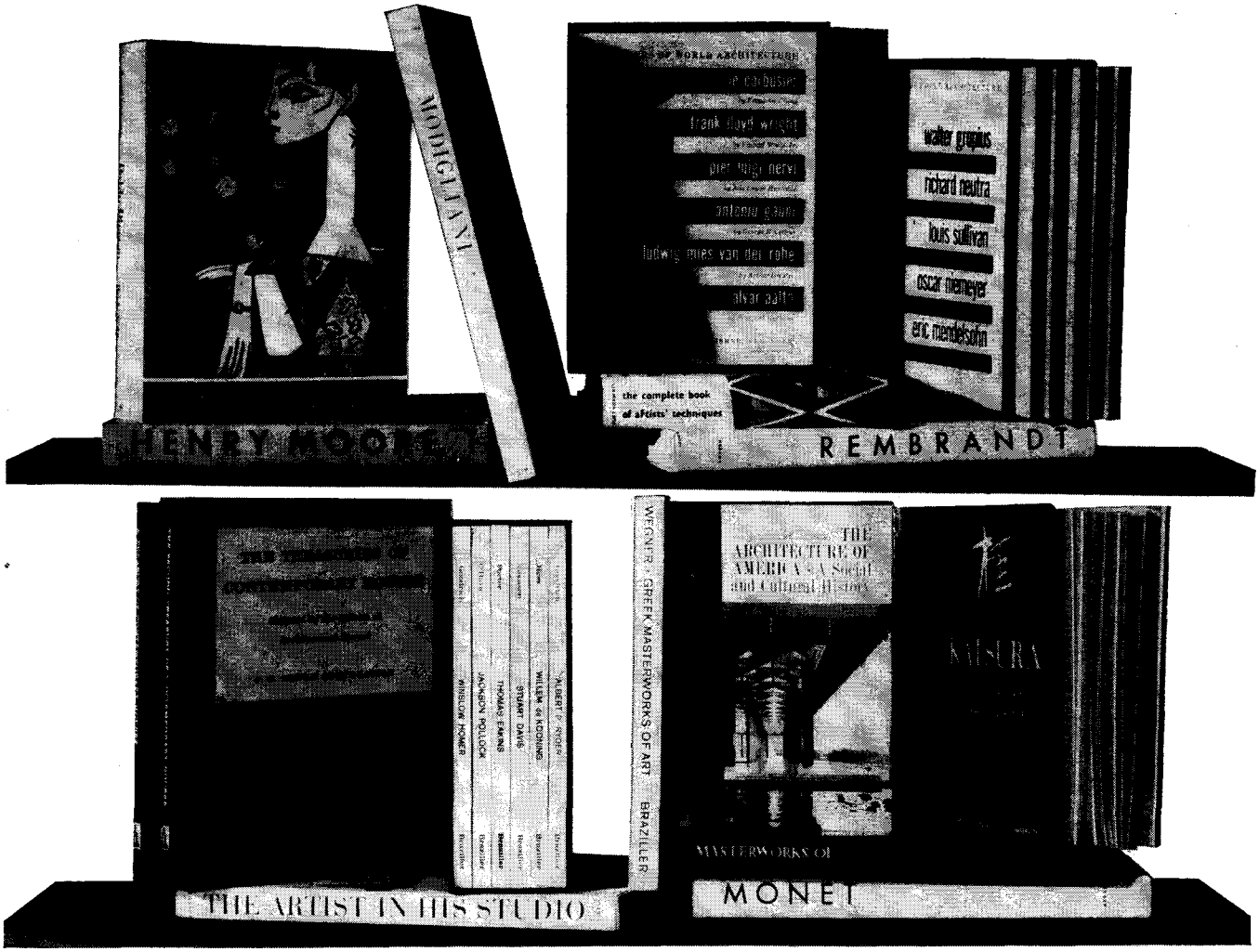

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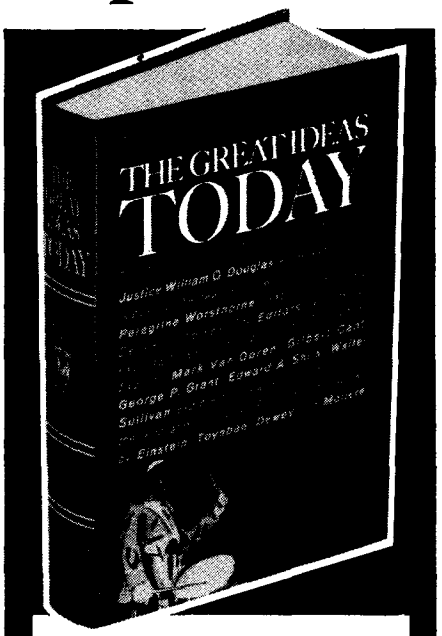

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Political Warfare—Continued

PARIS

As the political fallout from Khrushchev's fearsome explosions in the Arctic began to settle around the globe, European observers predicted the most serious effects would be registered in Africa and Asia. While the multi-megaton bomb may contribute to the "Better Red Than Dead" hysteria in the West and thus play a role in the present crisis over Germany, diplomatic and military circles stress even more the weapon's probable impact on the neutrals. "You Americans keep talking about justice," a western diplomat in Paris commented, "but the neutrals are chiefly impressed by power."

Even some Europeans who do not share this view agree that the West must not count too heavily on the moral indignation of the neutrals. "In the third world," sadly notes the liberal and anti-colonialist Paris daily *Le Monde*, "there is a rather special way of comparing the mote and the beam. Some keep silent because they are frightened, others because they consider that anything Soviet is by definition good. Many neutrals will maneuver in this affair so as to avoid having to take too hostile a stand against the Kremlin."

Writing before Khrushchev's decision to set off the bomb of October 23, whose force has been estimated at about thirty megatons, *Le Monde's* editorialist remarked that if the Soviet leader should finally heed the appeals of world opinion and cancel the test of the fifty-megaton bomb, it would undoubtedly bring him an abundance of unmerited applause, while if the Soviet Union should proceed with the test and then call for a moratorium on further nuclear testing, the United States would find itself in an awkward position.

The risk of such boomerang effects makes questionable the wisdom of our using the U.N. General Assembly to mobilize world opinion against the Soviet nuclear tests. We may have been inadvertently helping along Khrushchev's campaign of intimidation, particularly in the neutral countries, by the way U.S. propaganda has handled the threat to world health from Soviet nuclear fallout.

The fallout theme, of course, can and should be vigorously exploited in western propaganda. A more selective exploitation would, however, increase its effectiveness. The most urgent need seems to be for more energetic efforts to make the Soviet citizen fully aware of how dangerous his nation's tests may be to his own health. There are some grounds for believing that the unusually low altitude at which the thirty-megaton bomb exploded may have been a serious error, multiplying the degree of local fallout, and it appears that some inhabited areas in the Soviet Union have been contaminated. There would surely be some advantage for us in getting the Soviet people to ask themselves questions on this score.

One method that might be worth considering is the large-scale use of balloons to deliver tens of thousands of simple lightweight kits for detecting radioactivity so that the Russians and satellite peoples can judge for themselves just how polluted their home soil and the air they breathe are becoming. The balloon campaign would cost quite a lot, but if Khrushchev is willing to spend millions to terrorize the peoples of the earth, we ought to be able to spare a much smaller amount to awaken the peoples of the Soviet empire to the dangers they may face from their own tests.

In the propaganda we direct to Africa and Asia, we should not content ourselves merely with denouncing the Soviet atmospheric tests as a crime against humanity; we should also alert the citizens of these countries to the danger of contamination

(*Continued on Page 20*)

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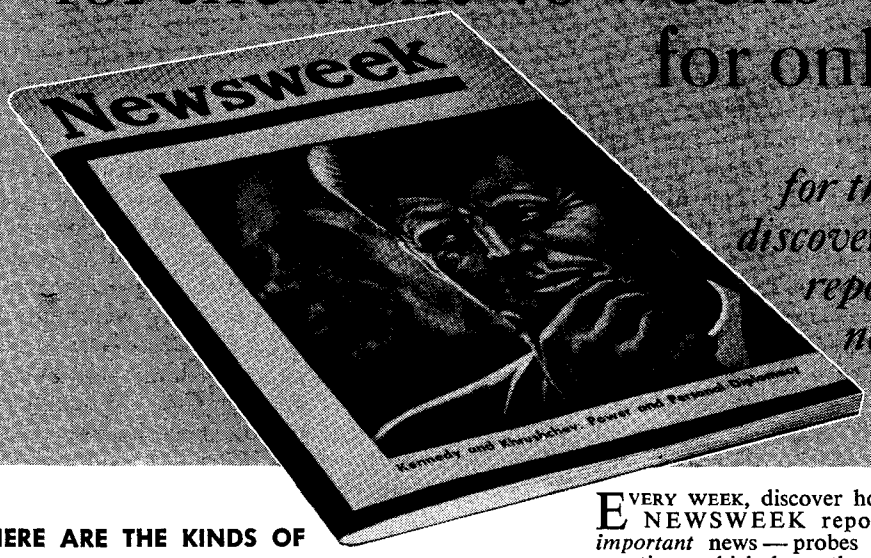

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Your friends will remember you all year long--see page 51

arising from certain types of contact with the Soviet Union. Public attention might be drawn to the possibility that during the coming months some radioactive fallout may find its way into certain exports from the Soviet Union—after all, there is the alarming precedent of the contaminated crabmeat from the Pacific after some of our tests.

No doubt our political warriors can find safer and more effective ways of achieving the essential objective than those suggested here. The important thing is to demonstrate that we are neither blind to the real threat of Khrushchev's terror bomb nor paralyzed by it.

—EDMOND TAYLOR

(Ed. Note: Life Erred)

Next to dieting, more seems to be written about courage these days than about any other discipline necessary to our national survival. Even though in matters of courage (as in matters of diet) there is sometimes a considerable difference between what we should do and what we *do* do, it is helpful to be reminded of the need for bravery in troubled times. In this respect, we have always found the editorial page of *Life* magazine to be not merely helpful but positively exhilarating. Scarcely a week goes by in which either an individual or an entire population is not urged to reaffirm some ancient principle and, if need be, to march in its name over the edge of the nearest precipice. Sad to say, events of the past few weeks have raised some doubts in our mind as to whether *Life* is ready to take the plunge along with its loyal readers.

Life has never had much use for the John Birch Society, which *Life* characterized last May as "shot through with escapism and desperation . . . defeatist." Even more recently, *Life* also ran a short paragraph on one of the Birch society's sympathetic fellow organizations called the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. *Life* described the crusade's leader, Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, as a man who "preaches doomsday by Communism in 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor as a possible Communist or 'comsymp,'" and noted that "his local steering committees have often included known Birchers." The story was pegged on a planned revival meeting soon to be held "with full hullabaloo and political portent in Los Angeles."

The Los Angeles revival took place as scheduled, but apparently there was something of a hullabaloo in New York, too. According to a rather gloating report in *Human Events*, after the paragraph on the Schwarz group appeared, ". . . a strong reaction against *Life* arose in the Los Angeles area, with a write-in drive against the Luce magazine as one of the features; reportedly a rain of protest from readers and advertisers descended on *Life* headquarters in New York." Whether or not the write-in drive had anything to do with it, *Life* underwent a sudden change of heart on the subject of Dr. Schwarz. At another anti-Communist rally staged recently by the Crusade in the Hollywood Bowl —"Hollywood's Answer to Communism"—Dr. Schwarz shared his stage with C. D. Jackson, a vice-president of Time, Inc. and the publisher of *Life*, who had flown in for the occasion from New York. "Regretfully," Jackson told the audience, "my magazine published an oversimplified misinterpretation. I believe we were wrong and I am profoundly sorry. You have in Dr. Schwarz a man who has dedicated his life to fighting Communism through knowledge of its techniques."

The Schwarzian method of fighting Communism was set forth that same evening by W. Cleo Skousen, former chief of police in Salt Lake City and a regular lecturer for the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. It included such steps as severing diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, withdrawing from the U.N. unless its charter is revised, and demanding a full-scale investigation of the U.S. State Department. To the best of our recollection, *Life* has never seen fit to support any of these ideas, but we can't be sure. Maybe we missed the point of all those editorials about courage.

Brave New Trading World?

A prime example of the kind of conflicting advice President Kennedy is getting these days is the bitter dispute in Washington over commercial pol-

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icy. The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act expires next spring, and even within the administration itself there is a battle royal going on over the shape of future commercial policy.

The State Department and the President's special adviser on trade policy, Howard C. Petersen, a Philadelphia banker, are arguing for a significant departure in commercial policy, the first since R.T.A. was adopted in 1934. They want a policy that will associate the United States closely with the Common Market in Europe. They want a policy that will serve notice to the underdeveloped countries that we are willing, in fact as well as in preachment, to welcome more of their products in our trading system. They want a policy that will handle protectionist pressure groups, not with the blunt instruments of escape clauses and peril points which protect efficient and inefficient alike, but by concentrating on the real hardship cases within an industry. In those "difficult" cases like textiles, they want a policy that is designed to cushion the impact of increased imports from underdeveloped countries by sharing the increase among the Atlantic nations.

(Seventeen nations representing most of the free world's trade in cotton textiles, meeting in Geneva are trying to work out a long-term marketing agreement whereby cotton-textile exporters from the underdeveloped countries would be assured a steady increase in the market open to them, the burden being shared among the importers.)

Arrayed against this Grand Design are a trio of voices urging the President to go slow, perhaps to ask for no more than a one-year renewal of the R.T.A. as is. Loudest of the voices is that of Hickman Price, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Domestic Affairs. Price, whose wife, Margaret, is Vice Chairman of the National Democratic Committeewomen, has adopted the textile-lobby line to the extent of hiring one of the lobby's chief spokesmen, Jackson Spears, as his aide.

Price's reputation as a policymaker is much greater in the business and financial press than it is in the Department of Commerce itself. Neither Secretary Hodges nor Under

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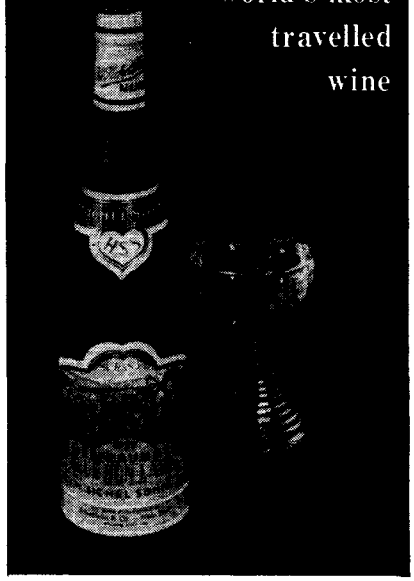

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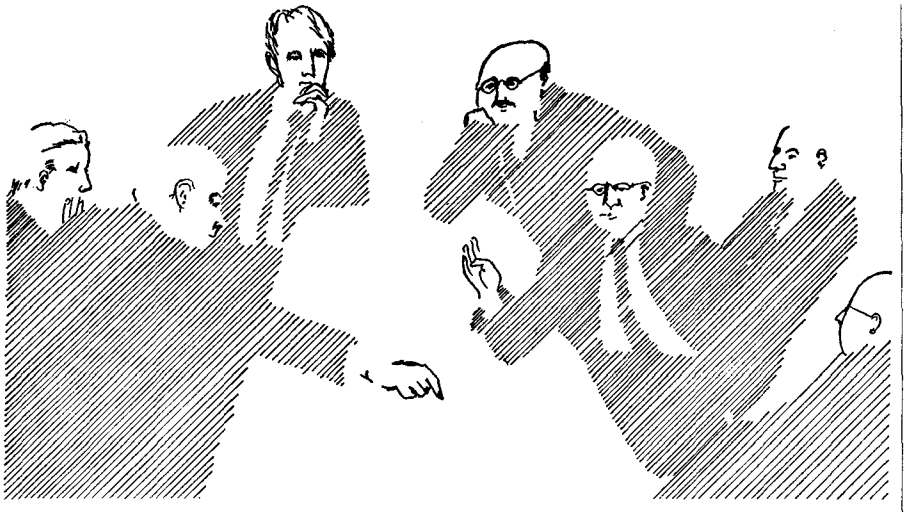

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Secretary Edward Gudeman is as yet persuaded by him. But he is getting some support both from Secretary of the Treasury Dillon, who has moved a long way away from his attitude toward liberal trade policies in the Eisenhower days, and from the White House political advisers, who view with alarm the prospect of the House Ways and Means Committee having to wrestle next year with a tax bill, medical aid to the aged, and a complicated new trade bill all at once. The easy way out would be to drop the whole business until 1963 or later.

The trouble is that to ask only for a one-year renewal of R.T.A. will be interpreted in Europe as an indication that the United States is more afraid than inspired by the Common Market we so often urged on the Europeans. Such action can only weaken the administration's foreign-aid effort all along the line. And it is hardly likely that the protectionists, who are supposed to be appeased by a soft approach to R.T.A. renewal, will then turn around and vote, say, for medical care for the aged, or for other parts of Kennedy's program.

Surrender on one front is not apt to bring victory on others.

Newsworthy

"A half-page advertisement appeared in The New York *Times* Wednesday morning expressing faith that the United States would survive despite the present dangers and would remain whole and free. 'I Am Not Afraid,' it said. The advertisement was signed Rosalind Elias and listed a *Times* want-ad box number for an address. The woman who placed the advertisement and paid for it ($2,880) and is proud of it, is the Metropolitan Opera Company's 27-year-old mezzo soprano .... The idea of the advertisement was not her own, she said, but that of the man who does publicity for her .... Miss Elias said she had not thought of the advertisement as publicity for herself ... 'I just wanted people to hear what I had to say,' she said. Miss Elias did receive considerable publicity recently when she had her name and Social Security number tattooed on her body."—*From a report in the New York Times.*

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The Case of Walter Lippmann

THERE IS NO INSTITUTION in this country quite like Walter Lippmann, whose business for over a half a century has been the public's business, and who—aloof, remote—has been nobody's man but his own. He may have failed in his attempt to bring into existence a public philosophy, but by assiduously working on the events of the day, he has become the national public philosopher.

For the first time at the age of seventy, he exposed himself to a television audience, and he did it again this year at seventy-one. To most of the viewers of these two memorable interviews, conducted by Howard K. Smith, he had been simply a respected byline on a distinguished column. On television the thoughtfulness of his demeanor and the reflective yet lively look on his face made some of his most frequently stated opinions sound as if they had just come to his mind. He talked the way a philosopher should.

"I DON'T THINK old men ought to promote wars for young men to fight," Lippmann said at the end of his second TV interview. Among the strange statements he has been making lately on the problem of war, peace, or negotiation, this is one of the strangest, for who on our side is engaged in the promotion of war? Those of our leaders who want to have negotiations—but at the right time and on the right issues—have not been helped by Lippmann's insistence on the imperative need of negotiations with the Russians as the only alternative to thermonuclear holocaust. The abstract current talks on whether or not we should negotiate with the Russians, this newest type of pulling petals off daisies, have been based on the assumption of a choice that no sane person can possibly make. The fact that war cannot be wished for as an end in itself has led to the conclusion that we must have negotiations as an end in themselves. Because of his authority, Lippmann's responsibility for this trend is second to none.

His insistence over a number of years on the imperative need for a negotiated settlement with Russia has led him recently to take a harsh position toward our French and German allies. We should, so it seems, negotiate with our enemies and not with our friends. According to a recent column, the erection of the Berlin wall has been to a considerable degree the fault of General de Gaulle.

We should recognize the fact of the partition of Germany, Lippmann has been saying over the years. Actually, he has been saying, we all are reconciled to it: we the Americans, as well as the British and French, and, a highly placed person in Bonn told him back in 1958, so are the Germans. Then, after August 13, Lippmann suggested that the steadfastness of the West Berliners had come to depend on their belief "that they will live to see the Alliance bring about the unification of the two Germanys and the restoration of their own city as the German capital." In the meantime, West Berlin could be given in escrow to the U.N., to be transformed into "an international center for study, scientific research, art and sports." The world organization, one may add, would thereby give evidence of its versatility: after having fought for the unity of the Congo, it would guarantee for an indefinite period of time the division of Germany.

The eventual reunification might come some day, Lippmann said, as the result of a gradual, closer association of the two German states. All this should be part of what he likes to call a wide European settlement. As a step toward that settlement, West Germany should become more closely associated with East Germany and at the same time use its great power "to build up non-Communist Europe and the Atlantic Community." One gets confused.

WHAT CAN BE the cause of these peculiar meanderings of Lippmann's reasoning? His passionate desire to avoid a thermonuclear war is not exclusive with him. A deeper reason can be found in his conception of the Soviet Union—the conception of a diplomat who sees in the Soviet Union little more than an unusually bothersome competitor in the old balance-of-powers game.

The national public philosopher over the years has acquired international status and visits regularly with the potentates of the major nations as a major figure in his own right. Khrushchev may like to talk big about his fostering of revolutions and his ambitious aims of world conquest, but when he deals with a man of high status, he knows that in the diplomatic game there is an assumption of gentlemanly qualifications and an expectation of gentlemanly behavior on both sides. In fact, Lippmann sat twice at the table with Khrushchev, and has been civilly treated by him. In his second telecast, Lippmann was kind enough to compare Khrushchev to Al Smith.

LIPPMANN said that old men should not promote wars. But neither should they feel bound to be negotiation-mongers. The reasoning of a public thinker should be determined by the alertness of his conscience and by the vigor of his mind, not by the date on his birth certificate.

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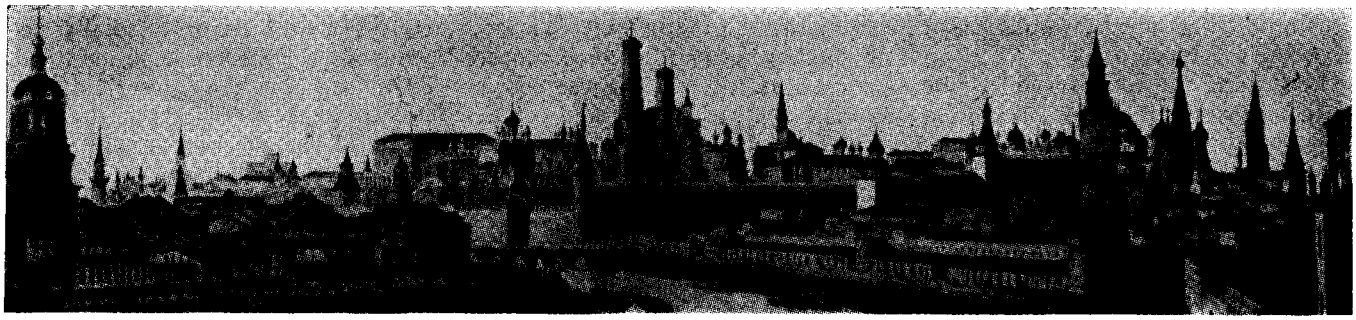

The New Soviet Strategy

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

As the Soviet and the western leaders move, sniffing the wind and each other like game dogs, toward a negotiation on Berlin, the question keeps recurring: how strong is Russia militarily? It is no good taking refuge in comforting solecisms about the irrelevance or unusability of force, for its mere existence has a profound effect upon diplomacy. We, the public from whose attitude Presidents and Prime Ministers will draw courage or apprehension, know the inventory of western strength almost down to the last missile site, if we care to assemble the facts; no doubt the Russians do too. But, if that bleak moment should come when negotiation reveals quite irreconcilable positions, when logic must be discarded for a naked test of will, how strong are *they*? A false estimate, pessimistic or optimistic, in the West—not in operations rooms or intelligence centers, but in the minds of what Coleridge called "the clerisy," the central body of thoughtful men in every free society who help determine public attitudes—could do incalculable harm.

The danger is not easy to remedy. Even if western governments were so unwise as to let the adversary know how much or how little they know about his military strength by publishing their own intelligence estimates, the sum total of their own knowledge would be unlikely to paint a picture that was anything more than gray and sketchy by comparison with the 3D color plates of western strength that Soviet officials can offer Khrushchev. Nevertheless, enough information exists in the public domain to suggest that Khrushchev has precipitated the Berlin crisis at an awkward moment for the Soviet military planners, at a moment of transition in major weapons and of internal conflict about strategic doctrine.

From the fall of 1957 until toward the end of last year, Khrushchev and the Soviet military sang virtually a single song—one that had already been done to death, first in the United States and then in Britain. Nuclear firepower was all-decisive; states possessing long-range missiles, particularly states with a large land area, could deter any form of threat or attack; bombers and ships belonged in museums; the Soviet Union had missiles coming out of its ears.

With insistent demands from his economic ministries for more manpower in industry and agriculture, Khrushchev committed himself to a strategy of "massive retaliation" which found its purest expression in his big speech of January 14, 1960, to the Supreme Soviet in which he announced a unilateral reduction of one-third in the Soviet armed forces. "Our state possesses powerful rocketry. With the present development of military technique, military aviation and the navy have lost their former importance. . . . a country's defense capacity is not determined by the number of men under arms. . . . a country's defense capacity depends decisively on the firepower and means of delivery it possesses."

As the big demobilization of 1,200,000 men got under way, the Soviet press faithfully reflected this view. In October, 1960, Major General Nikolai A. Talensky, the dean of Soviet military commentators, was expressing the orthodox view in the Russian publication *International Affairs*:

"The technological revolution in the military field has created weapons of destruction which are a thousandfold more powerful than their predecessors. Should the imperialists be permitted to unleash a war in the future, rocket-nuclear weapons will predominate as the basic means of mass destruction. . . . This war would differ sharply in form and content from all preceding wars. In the wars of previous epochs, the main blows were directed against the armed forces in the theater of hostilities. In a rocket and nuclear war, the main and most destructive blows would be directed against the major economic and political centers and against strategic targets in the heart of a country. War with conventional weapons in frontier areas would be of an auxiliary nature, and its role,

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particularly at the beginning and the middle of a war, would be of secondary importance."

Any war would instantly be thermonuclear; the idea of limited war was an imperialist delusion. "What," asked I. Yermashev a month later in the same journal, pouring scorn on writers like James M. Gavin and Henry A. Kissinger, "in the opinion of these authors, is a 'small' 'limited' war? The answer is, it is a war which promises victory and in this is the difference between it and 'total war,' which does not promise victory."

Second Thoughts on Total War

But behind this façade of confidence certain signs of restiveness on the part of some of the less orthodox strategic pundits become apparent, reflecting the unhappiness of the Soviet officer corps with this simplistic view of war and peace—not unlike the restiveness of the United States Army in the days when the late John Foster Dulles and Admiral Radford were making U. S. strategy. As far back as June, 1960, Marshal Malinovsky was stressing the importance of all branches of the armed forces. In January of this year, Colonel S. Kozlov, who is considered to be one of the most important younger experts, was writing thus in *Armed Forces Communist* of a possible surprise attack by the West:

"Whereas in past ages the decisive weapon in armed conflict was the individual personal weapon of the combatant, now the decisive role in armed conflict is played by collective armaments of the various military machines, served by groups of specially trained people who are masters of their trade. In connection with this, the make-up of the armed forces has changed significantly, and the technologists and engineers specializing in different subjects have all the time a greater importance, e.g., rocketeers, gunners, anti-aircraft personnel, tankmen, airmen, signalmen, and others. . . . This circumstance makes it possible for a peace-loving country possessing modern weapons to reduce its armed forces in peacetime without weakening the defense capacity of the state. However, when that country is threatened by an immediate danger of attack, the development of massive armed forces will be necessary, since the scale and character of modern armed conflict require precisely such forces for waging war successfully. . . . The armed conflict will develop on vast expanses of land and sea."

And in April Colonel A. M. Iovlev, writing in the influential Soviet military daily *Red Star,* had this to say:

"Struggling to prevent war and to solve the problem of universal and complete disarmament, the Soviet Union has frequently carried out, unilaterally, considerable reductions in its armed forces. Yet, as long as no agreement has been reached and no universal disarmament implemented, the Soviet Union and all the other countries of the socialist camp are maintaining and will continue to maintain their defensive might at the necessary level. The numerical strength and the firepower of their armies must be that necessary to ensure decisive resistance and the full rout of any aggressor. . . . It must not be believed that in a war victory will be won merely by means of rocket troops."

It seemed at the time that Kozlov and Iovlev might merely be trying to keep up the morale of a badly shaken professional army, as a quarter of a million officers were slated for transfer to minor jobs in industry or the bureaucracy. But throughout the early part of this year there were signs that Soviet military policy was being extensively reargued. Evidence of massive demobilization in the army, which had been patent to any traveler across Russia in 1960, began to disappear. Polite references were made to the importance of sea power ("I hate admirals. Don't you?" Khrushchev had said to a British cabinet minister in 1956 when he was evolving his first policy). It was announced that for the first time in four years, there would be a national air show in July. And then on June 21 the big switch was made clear. President Kennedy and other western leaders have found the Berlin crisis a useful means of gaining public acceptance for the strengthening of conventional forces and the more flexible strategy and diplomacy they provide. Similarly, Khrushchev tied his announcement that demobilization would be carried no further entirely to the Berlin crisis. In consequence, the western headlines tended to overlook the most significant passage in his speech: "The strengthening of the defenses of the Soviet Union depends on the perfection of *all* the services of our armed forces—the infantry and artillery, the engineers and communications troops, the armored tank units and the navy, the air and rocket forces." Though he emphasized the importance of the rocket forces, he put them last in this particular list.

Since then there has been a vigorous attempt to impress upon the world, and in particular the United States, that the Soviet Union has a complete range of modern weapons and can fight a war at any level. In August, General Nikolai I. Kurochkin, head of the Frunze Military Academy, was allowed to write in the *Military Historical Journal*: "No matter how different a new war may be from previous wars, ground armies, equipped with rifle and artillery weapons, aviation, and varied engineering equipment, will take part in it. . . . There are reasons for believing that the conflict between the ground armies will in a number of cases take on a character even more bitter than was the case previously." Exactly the doctrine Marshal Zhukov had been fired for preaching four years earlier.

At the Tushino air show in July, a diversity of aircraft and helicopters was displayed, partly to bolster the standing of the Soviet Air Force, which had been starved of funds for several years, but partly to impress the West with Soviet progress in tactical aircraft and standoff bombs. On July 21, *Izvestia* made a brave attempt to assert that "The Soviet Union also has atomic submarines armed with the most powerful rockets of different kinds, submarines with not less but with greater speed than the American ones, and not fewer but more." When this statement was quietly derided throughout the western maritime countries (for the state of progress in naval armaments can never be well concealed), *Izvestia* did an about-face. On October 9 it blamed the deposed Marshal Zhukov for the fact that the Russian submarine program had been so long delayed, and

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accused him of views about the obsolescence of sea power which Khrushchev himself had been proclaiming. (Khrushchev's proud reference to the Soviet ballistic-missile submarine in his speech to the party congress on October 17 is merely an aspiration for the future, since the Soviet Union has no equivalent yet of the Polaris missile that can be fired beneath the surface.) In August, Marshal Konev, the chief advocate of a policy of balanced forces, was restored to a senior position and placed in command in East Germany. At the end of August, it was announced that the conscripts due to be demobilized would be retained until after the signature of a peace treaty with East Germany, that by the end of the year will have swelled the ranks of the armed forces by 500,000 to 800,000 men. In October, the tanks of the Soviet Army started clanking about Eastern Europe on maneuvers to remind Europeans, East and West, of the Soviet military presence. There have been fewer and fewer boasts of powerful rocketry and long-range striking power.

How Many Soviet ICBMs?

What lies behind this change in strategic emphasis and policy at a time when Soviet foreign policy over Berlin requires a highly consistent strategic doctrine to support it? Clearly no one single reason. In part, it is the result of service pressure, the conservatism of the military mind, and that mind's dread of resting the security of the country on one type of weapon alone. The age of nuclear euphoria—the Radford period in Soviet history—is drawing to its close. Industrial pressure may have played a part, especially in the development of a new long-range bomber; just as in the West, the design and production of big military and civil aircraft are intimately connected. It is possible that the Soviet policy-makers have been influenced by the views of western strategic thinkers like Kissinger and Bernard Brodie that the possession of a strategic threat that would involve catastrophic damage for the user is a far less valuable adjunct to diplomacy than one which can be implemented without risking national survival. Despite the official scorn that is still poured on any theory of limited war, there are hints in Khrushchev's speeches of this summer that he realizes he may have to demonstrate his ability to fight it in great strength if he is to crack the nerves of the West.

But the most important underlying reasons may be the transition in Soviet missile power. During the years immediately after the first Sputnik, many western pundits conducted a brilliant propaganda campaign on behalf of the Soviet Union, crediting it with the ability to build a vast array of ICBMs by the early 1960's (two hundred by 1961, six hundred by 1963). The Soviet government had only to combine publicity on its technical achievements in missile tests and space shots with occasional references to prowess in rocket production (which could mean anything from fireworks upward), for the impression to take root that it had accomplished what western experts thought it capable of. In point of fact, it is now clear that the Soviet ICBM program has been hampered by much the same kind of problems as the American: difficulties in constructing and hardening bases for the very large three-stage liquid-fueled "first-generation" missile, competition for scientific manpower with the space and other research programs, and technical obsolescence. At this moment the Soviet Union probably has only between thirty and fifty ICBMs operationally deployed, few if any more than the United States has on station.

The "second-generation" missile is on its way, smaller and therefore somewhat less vulnerable than the present giants, more accurate, and with a storable liquid fuel that makes preparation swifter, but still considerably larger than the solid-fueled Minuteman, which should become operational in the United States by the end of next year. But has Russia got a nuclear warhead for this missile? It is clear that when a moratorium on tests was accepted in 1958, Soviet scientists had made less progress in miniaturization than their American opposite numbers. Some western experts believe that the August decision to resume nuclear tests was prompted by the urgent need to test ways of fitting megaton warheads into a smaller compass, and that the recent detonation of massive bombs may have been designed to make the best of a bad job, to scare the small countries while diverting attention from the true purpose of the test program.

THE Soviet heavy-bomber threat to the United States remains relatively modest—about two hundred turboprop Bears and four-jet Bisons. In the light of technological developments in early warning, ground-to-air missiles, and fighter control systems, there is obviously little value in attempting to increase this form of

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strength. Hence the main priority is to improve Soviet warning and air defense systems so as to create a constant uncertainty in the minds of American and British planners over what proportion of the West's very large force of manned bombers, some seventeen hundred, could actually reach their targets in the Soviet Union. There has never been any relaxation in the program of Soviet fighter-aircraft production; somewhat behind the West in the development of all-weather fighters, Soviet design and production of day interceptors is very impressive indeed and is rapidly catching up in radar and early-warning systems. At least two anti-aircraft missiles are in mass production, and Moscow, for instance, is believed to be defended by two concentric rings of missile bases and an outer ring of fighter airfields.

But more significant in terms of the objectives of Soviet policy is the effort that is now being devoted to high-performance medium bombers. This year, western observers had their first close look at the delta-winged four-turbojet Bounder, of which reports have been circulating for the past year or so, together with a brand-new twin-jet supersonic bomber comparable in performance to the B-58. Both could probably be used against North American targets with air refueling, but they pose a more immediate threat to the European allies of the United States. They seem intended to negate the active air defenses that NATO and the European allies are so laboriously constructing and, together with the Soviet medium-range missiles (of which two are in service, one with a range of one thousand miles, one with a range of eighteen hundred), to make clear how devastating is the threat to Europe.

THE SAME OBJECTIVE seems to govern the policy of the Red Army. If the 1960 program had been carried through, the army would probably have been reduced to about a hundred divisions; with the halt in demobilization and the retention of the conscripts who would have ended their service this year, it will remain at a figure of about two and a quarter million, sufficient to maintain some 160 active divisions. The force in East Germany, which represents a considerable strain on Soviet resources and was shorn of two divisions last year, is back to its old strength of twenty divisions. There also appear to have been vigorous efforts to improve both the size and quality of the forces of the European satellites, which now comprise some sixty-eight divisions. Though these are much less well equipped than their Soviet counterparts, they would provide the essential protection for Soviet lines of communication from sabotage and local *maquisards* in the event of war. The generally accepted western estimate is that the Soviet Union could reinforce its twenty divisions in East Germany by fifty-five within a month and by 125 in three months, provided lines of communication remained reasonably intact. The Soviet build-up of tactical air power and medium-range missiles capable of destroying NATO airfields as well as European cities is designed to ensure that they do remain intact.

The way in which Soviet military strength is being deployed and described during this tense autumn seems to be intended to reinforce Khrushchev's statements to visiting European leaders like Paul-Henri Spaak and the various Western European ambassadors in Moscow and the visiting journalists of whatever nationality—i.e., to convince European governments that whatever the outcome of a nuclear exchange in terms of damage to the Soviet Union and to North America, Soviet medium striking power of all forms is so great that their own countries would be utterly destroyed despite the preparations that NATO or the United States might make. Rather than attempting to humiliate and intimidate the United States directly, Khrushchev now seems to be concentrating on dismembering the NATO alliance, setting one European country against another and dividing the European members of the alliance from the United States. If he can achieve this, his inability to face a naked test of power with the United States itself will be unimportant.

They'll Take What They Can Get

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

WHILE THE ATTENTION of the western Allies was being distracted by a variety of Soviet proposals and threats, Khrushchev managed to achieve, as Willy Brandt put it, "half of his demands for a 'free city' of West Berlin."

The construction of a wall dividing Berlin on August 13 was reminiscent of the way the Soviets accomplished the political division of Berlin during the latter part of November, 1948, when mob action was used to drive the elected all-Berlin city government from the city hall, which was in East Berlin. The Russians then set up a puppet city government for the East Berlin sector, with the promise of elections later. The western powers were so engaged with the airlift, and the public was so enamored with its drama, that the full significance of the political division of Berlin passed almost unnoticed.

At first the Berlin wall, too, may have seemed to some only one step in the division of the city that had started thirteen years ago. But the failure of the western powers to prevent the destruction of Berlin's physical unity has raised doubts about Allied determination throughout Eastern Europe and Germany.

Although the United States is unquestionably superior to the Soviet Union both in the number of nuclear weapons it possesses and in its capacity to deliver them, much of the world, including many Americans, has been so impressed by Soviet accomplishments in space and by Khrushchev's multimegaton bombs that it has lost confidence in American military power. Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric has attempted to allay this fear. In an address given on October 21 at Hot Springs, Virginia, he said: "The total number of our nuclear delivery

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vehicles, tactical as well as strategic, is in the tens of thousands; and of course we have more than one warhead for each . . . The destructive power that the United States could bring to bear, even after a Soviet surprise attack upon our forces, would be as great as, perhaps greater than, the total undamaged force which the enemy can threaten to launch against the United States in a first strike."

Nor is the balance of conventional forces in Germany as unfavorable as is frequently claimed. There are twenty Soviet divisions in East Germany and twenty-one Allied divisions in West Germany. While the number of our NATO divisions is not being increased in the present buildup, they are being brought up to full strength and readiness. The United States' five divisions are, in general, the equivalent in power of ten typical European divisions. The four cavalry regiments that patrol the frontier have 122 tanks each, as many as the German tank divisions could muster during the latter part of the Second World War. They are supported by more than two thousand tactical aircraft and thousands of tactical nuclear weapons.

EVEN THOUGH these forces do not fulfill the NATO goal of thirty divisions, they are adequate to enforce a meaningful "pause" on the initial Soviet forces. The twenty Soviet divisions in East Germany would require very substantial reinforcement before they could launch an attack with any hope of success, and such reinforcement could not take place without being quickly reported by intelligence. The divisions of the satellite states can be heavily discounted. They may even be a liability. Their loyalty is so doubtful that the Russians would probably need to use some of their own troops to protect their lines of communication from sabotage and to prevent uprisings behind the lines.

The Russians, of course, can reinforce their troops with divisions from the western Soviet Union and with reserves in much greater numbers and much faster than the western Allies. If half of West Germany were to be overrun and the Soviets then suggested that the war was futile and negotiations were in order, the position of the West would be very bad. Soviet terms undoubtedly would include the disarmament of West Germany, its withdrawal from NATO, the annexation of West Berlin by East Germany, and political demands on West Germany that would be intolerable. Clearly, before a Communist invasion of West Germany had gone that far, the West would have to consider very seriously the use of tactical nuclear weapons to stop it.

Furthermore, it is clear that Western Europe cannot be defended without West Germany. This accounts for the attitude of President de Gaulle. As one French official has said: "The German problem is more important than Berlin. We cannot act to weaken the western world. It is essential to keep Germany part of the West."

German Defense Minister Franz Joseph Strauss said: "Where are we now? Much where the Allies were between September, 1938, and March, 1939. The Allies gave way twice over Czechoslovakia and Hitler invaded it in March, 1939. Hitler did not believe that Great Britain and France would go to war over Poland, either. Pacifists and the powerful press of Great Britain and France indicated to him that he could attack Poland and they would not fight. Had Hitler known that Great Britain and France would bring on the Second World War to maintain their guarantees to Poland, he would not have attacked Poland. Khrushchev is in a position where he can do many things with impunity. Western Europe has failed to do everything possible to convince him that it will resist."

Where Were the Bulldozers?

One reason Khrushchev is not convinced that the West has the will to resist is the failure to meet the well-known goals of NATO strength. A more immediate reason was the failure to prevent construction of the Berlin wall by force. The wall violated the quadripartite status of Berlin. To resist its construction with tanks and bulldozers would have been within western rights. To discourage western resistance—the Soviets had calculated the true significance of the wall while the western powers failed at first to do so—the Russians had three Soviet divisions on alert around Berlin, three East German militia divisions, and thirty thousand Vopos (militarized police), a total of seventy thousand men.

The Allied military commanders in Berlin recommended (although they will not admit it publicly) that construction of the wall be resisted. The considerations that led the western powers not to resist are unclear. It may have been fear of the Communist military preparations. It may have been that Allied consultations would have taken so long that a decision to resist would have come

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too late. It may have been fear of another East German uprising which the West could not have supported. It is not unlikely that the Soviet show of strength was also intended to prevent an East German uprising. In any event, the failure to act left the Soviets and the East German régime with the impression that their show of force had been sufficient to cow the West.

The rest of the Soviet program for Berlin has been clearly set forth. "West Berlin," said Khrushchev, "as the Soviet government sees it, must be strictly neutral. . . . At the same time, this will mean the liquidation of the occupation régime in West Berlin with all the consequences arising therefrom."

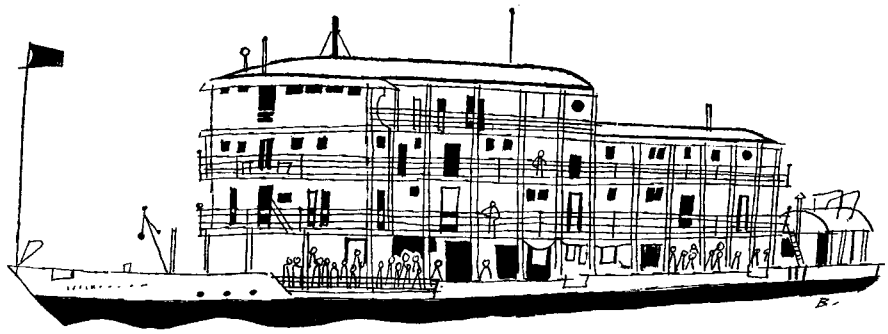
Just what does this mean? The first thing it means is that a strictly neutral West Berlin could have no connection with West Germany. Indeed, the Soviet proposal to make West Berlin a "free city" is aimed at its permanent isolation from the West. This would be, if it were allowed, the next to last step in the incorporation of West Berlin into the East German Communist state.

KHRUSHCHEV IS clearly the aggressor in attempting to change the status of West Berlin. And he has made it obvious that he will continue his aggression if we surrender to his bluff. In a radio-TV address from Moscow on August 7, he said: "The experience of history teaches that when an aggressor sees he is not rebuffed, he grows more brazen; and conversely, when he is given a rebuff, he calms down. It is this historic experience that should guide us in our actions."

If the West fails to take legitimate actions for fear of the consequences, it will only confirm the Communists' belief that they have the West on the run.

"If all this tends to multiply the hostile acts committed by the Soviets," President de Gaulle said on September 5, "acts which must be answered, it may end in general war. But it would be because the Soviets deliberately wished it, and in that case any retreat has the effect of overexciting the aggressor, of pushing him to redouble his pressure, and, finally, to facilitate and hasten his assault."

AT HOME & ABROAD



Katanga Was Not Crushed

DAN KURZMAN

"IT'S QUITE REMARKABLE that they can say we're wrong and they're right when we represent the whole world community," the United Nations official told me quietly in a pronounced Irish brogue. "Unless they change their attitude, we shall have to crush them."

The conversation took place last summer in Léopoldville, and by "they" the U.N. official meant the government of Katanga, which, shortly after these words were spoken, was attacked by U.N. forces based in the Congo. But far from being crushed, Katanga resisted fiercely and forced the U.N. to negotiate a cease-fire. A truce was signed by a subordinate of Dag Hammarskjöld's after the Secretary-General was killed in a plane crash on his way to formalize the U.N. failure in person.

This failure came as a blow to United Nations officials in the Congo. Profoundly devoted to the world organization, for the most part they had submerged their national loyalties. And their idealism was encouraged by the broadest authority ever given a U.N. peacemaking mission.

"The Congo situation," my Irish friend had said before the U.N. attack, "gives us a unique opportunity to show what the United Nations can do in bringing peace and justice to troubled countries. We must use our moral authority to help bring about a fair solution to the Congo problem. But we must use force to impose a solution if necessary. And thank heaven we have the authority to do so."

Officially, the U.N. took military action under the authority of a Security Council resolution adopted on February 21, which urged the immediate withdrawal of foreign military personnel and political advisers from the Congo and authorized the use of force to prevent civil war in that country. U.N. officials have charged that, while the Katanga government apparently dismissed its foreign political advisers and many alien army officers, it refused to get rid of all its white military personnel. Furthermore, according to U.N. officials, civil war was threatened by pressures on Léopoldville to force secessionist Katanga into a unified Congo.

Yet the part of the resolution dealing with foreign personnel contains no authorization for violent enforcement. And the section relating to civil war obviously means that U.N. forces could be used to prevent an aggressor from attacking, not to do the attacking for him.

At any rate, enforcement of the resolution was probably more an excuse than a genuine motive for U.N. military action. The U.N. mission virtually admitted this the day of the attack when it issued a statement prematurely announcing the end of Katanga's secession from the Congo. It was determined to bring about national unity, though it had

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not been authorized to impose this or any other political solution on the country.

The Illusion of Unity

This determination was especially unfortunate in view of the mission's success in most other respects. Despite a shortage of troops and civilian personnel, despite efforts at sabotage by the Communist bloc and such African neutrals as Guinea, Morocco, and the United Arab Republic, the U.N. by its very presence has fostered a remarkable degree of order in a country that had seemed doomed to anarchy only a few months ago.

In the town of Kindu, where scores of white refugees, many of them beaten and raped, were virtually held prisoner by local Lumumbist authorities last March, I saw Malayan U.N. officers negotiate for each life with great patience and skill. And in Bukavu, the beautiful but now stagnant capital of Lumumbist Kivu Province, I watched U.N. and Congolese soldiers patrol the streets together to prevent violence against whites. In South Kasai, where thousands of displaced Balubas starved to death less than a year ago, I visited refugee villages stocked with food provided by the U.N. and saw once-barren fields beginning to yield corn, potatoes, and peanuts from U.N.-furnished seeds. In isolated northern Kivu, I accompanied doctors of the World Health Organization on a mission to distribute medical supplies to primitive clinics deep in the bush.

THESE SUCCESSES were made possible by the generally friendly relationship then prevailing between the United Nations and the Léopoldville and now-defunct Stanleyville régimes. The U.N. and the two governments shared a common goal for the Congo. All wanted a high degree of national unity. Mineral-rich Katanga, on the other hand, demanded a loose grouping of essentially independent states. To the U.N. this meant that one segment of the Congo would be comparatively wealthy while the others would remain poor.

U.N. officials were at first willing to go along when Congo leaders (minus Antoine Gizenga of Stanleyville, who boycotted the conference), meeting last March in Tananarive, Malagasy Republic, called for a loose confederation. Forcefully presented by Katanga's President Moise Tshombe, the plan was actually approved by Congo President Joseph Kasavubu, who had been flattered into accepting it by the Katanga leader's insistence that he be retained as the chief of the confederation. But shortly after the conference ended, Kasavubu and the U.N. became convinced that the plan offered merely an illusion of unity. The president would have virtually no power, and each state would have the right to veto foreign policies. The brief period of co-operation with Katanga ended dramatically with the arrest of Tshombe by Kasavubu's soldiers when Tshombe tried to leave a subsequent conference in Coquilhatville.

Who Runs Katanga?

The U.N.'s failure to intervene in this action reflected the studied arrogance U.N. officials have maintained toward Katanga's leaders. In return, belligerent anti-U.N. propaganda has streamed from Elisabethville. The Gurkhas, in particular, have been a target of this propaganda. They are pictured as ruthless savages sent to Katanga to turn the region into a colony for India's excess population.

Actually, there are not many Indians in Katanga, but the prejudice against them in neighboring East Africa due to Indian domination of commerce has spread there. With the arrival of the U.N. Gurkhas, who were not only disliked as Indians but feared as fighters, a calculated effort was made to heighten existing animosity. This concentrated anti-Indian campaign may have had the same basic purpose as anti-Semitic campaigns in some countries before the Second World War—to create a scapegoat as a means of simulating nationalist fanaticism.

This animosity had its counterpart in the U.N. mission's hostile attitude toward the Belgians, who are accused of supporting the anti-U.N. campaign and, in effect, of determining Katanga policy. "Katanga is nothing more than a Belgian colonial enclave," one U.N. official told me. "The Belgians are running the province just as they always have."

The fact is, however, that Katanga is far from being a Belgian colony today. Since independence, the Belgian government itself has had little influence in the territory. It has facilitated the employment in Katanga of military officers, but they, and all other foreigners working for the state, are servants of the government, not its masters.

"You'll never see Tshombe without his white advisers present," a U.N. official told me on my arrival in Elisabethville. But when I entered the president's home for an interview, he dismissed his advisers with a wave of his hand. Another time, I overheard Vice-President Jean Kibwe being advised by his Belgian assistant to receive me "because we need all the publicity we can get." "I said no!" boomed the vice-president, crashing his fist on the desk. The Belgian adviser sheepishly retreated from the office.

"It's ridiculous to say we take orders from the Belgians," Interior Minister Godefroid Munongo told me in the presence of his Belgian advisers. "They take orders from us. Why shouldn't we hire them as long as they are under our control? They understand our language and people, and it's convenient for us. When we don't need them any more, we'll send them away."

This was the statement of a man known for his anti-Belgian sentiments, the descendant of a tribal leader executed by the Belgians for selling his own people into slavery. Munongo left off sipping a beer in a bar a while back to slap a Belgian's face and shout: "Don't think I've forgotten that you Belgians killed my great-grandfather!" His desire to work with the Belgians regardless reflects the realism of Katanga's leaders, an attitude almost unique in an Africa that wants to get rid of the white man whatever the economic or political consequences.

THE INFLUENCE on the government of Belgian businessmen, including officials of the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which operates the fabulously rich copper and cobalt mines, is also limited. The visitor to Kolwezi, the most important mining area, usually finds Belgian mine officials bubbling over with optimism. Proudly they point to deep earthen

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basins with terraced walls vividly splashed with the green of copper and the blue-gray of cobalt. They conduct the guest on a tour of new mineral processing plants, now about two-thirds completed, that will cost $50 million. The only employee I saw in these fully automated plants was a Belgian technician who pushed buttons and flashed colored lights in a control room that resembled something out of science fiction. "We'll probably be here forever," a mine official told me.

But Union Minière is not quite as confident as it would have the public believe. It is more dependent on the good will of the Katanga government than the reverse. If the company were forced out of Katanga, its losses would be astronomical, but the government could probably find other business interests to operate the mines.

The significant question is not how much influence Union Minière exerts on Tshombe but to what extent Tshombe is likely to squeeze Union Minière. At present, the wealth dug out of the four mines in Kolwezi and other smaller ones in Elisabethville and Kambove net the company about $70 million annually, after taxes. But the Katanga government's share of the profits from taxes, royalties, and dividends (it owns seventeen per cent of the stock) totals about sixty per cent, accounting for some forty per cent of Katanga's revenue. And the government is expected to increase the company's taxes soon to finance an ambitious agricultural development program. Moreover, Tshombe told me, to make sure that mine officials adhere strictly to government regulations, several Africans appointed by the state will soon join the board of directors.

In short, the Katangese, who want to see their wealthy territory developed as soon as possible, and the Belgians, who want to continue doing business in Katanga, need each other and are using each other. But in this relationship the Katangese have the final word on all policy matters, and therefore can hardly be described as Belgian puppets.

An Expensive Army

"If the Indians started attacking," one U.N. official declared, "the fighting would be over after the first shot. And the Katanga leaders know it, too." This official and other U.N. personnel had apparently paid little attention to Katanga's intensive military build-up in the last several months.

The forces in Katanga were part of the national Congolese army when the Congo was granted independence. But following a general mutiny against white officers throughout the Congo, the Katanga provincial government, proclaiming its independence, threw all non-Katangese soldiers out of the state and, with the aid of about two hundred Belgian officers, began building a purely Katangan eight-thousand-man army. The sol-

diers' pay was raised to levels unprecedented in the Congo: a private earns about forty dollars a month, plus allowances. In addition to the Belgian officers, some four hundred foreign mercenaries were hired as shock troops. These men are paid from four hundred to six hundred dollars a month plus expenses, and ten dollars a day for combat duty. The government sent about a hundred Katangese to Europe for officer training and spent a fortune on military equipment from abroad. In fact, military expenditures have virtually exhausted Katanga's foreign exchange —a problem that worries Belgian businessmen in Elisabethville.

This concentrated military build-up has by no means produced a competent army by western standards. But the troops have received valuable training in months of combat against the Lumumbist Baluba rebels of northern Katanga, and more important, they are led by Europeans.

Even so, it is sometimes hard for the white officers to control their men. Their relations are like those between labor and management, with military decisions subject to negotiation. While I was visiting a military post, the young Belgian commander decided that his company would raid and set fire to a nearby rebel village. But his men refused, arguing that the unit about to replace them should do the job. The commander had to call off the operation. Moreover, when an attack is under way, the Katangese will move forward as long as their officers do. But as soon as an officer gets hit, the whole unit is apt to retreat in panic.

Still, the Katangan soldiers, as the U.N. has learned, can put up a surprisingly good fight. I was first impressed with this fact on a troop train traveling through Baluba territory. "This is a nasty little war," the Belgian officer sitting next to me said. "One minute everything's quite and peaceful, and the next—zing—you're dodging bullets and poisoned arrows." Hardly had he spoken when there was a "zing," and we were dodging bullets and poisoned arrows. The officer and I dived under the seat, but the Katangan soldiers on the roof, who made excellent targets, blazed away at the Balubas hiding in the tall grass and complained later that the train should have moved more slowly so they could have killed more.

Where the Wealth Is

Under the Belgian Congo administration, Katanga, with only one-eighth of the colony's population, furnished one-third of its revenue. Tshombe told me that in a loose confederation of Congo states, Katanga would continue to contribute a percentage (unspecified) of its income to the rest of the country, though he made it clear that he would never agree to turn over control of the mines to what he considers alien tribes. Economic collaboration, he said, does not require political unity.

"Why must Katanga necessarily be part of the Congo?" he asked. "We have no cultural, linguistic, or historical ties with the other states, ex-

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cept the artificial ties imposed by the Belgians for their own administrative and economic purposes. At the same time, we have every requisite of an independent state, including financial resources and a government capable, unlike the so-called central government, of maintaining order within our boundaries."

In any event, it is not impossible that the Congo central government and Katanga will eventually agree to an acceptable relationship. Signs that Katanga may be open to compromise can be seen in the presence of Katanga deputies in the central government parliament, in the mission of minor Katanga officials dispatched to Léopoldville in mid-October, and in Tshombe's current expressions of willingness to meet with Premier Cyrille Adoula. True, however conciliatory Tshombe may want to be, he cannot ignore the wishes of other more extreme leaders in Katanga, particularly Interior Minister Munongo, who is almost as powerful as the president and considerably more fanatical about Katanga's independence. Munongo is believed to have engineered the assassination of Lumumba, and he has probably been more responsible than anyone else for Katanga's anti-U.N. policies.

One of the most chilling sounds I have ever heard was the scrape of thousands of machetes being sharpened on sidewalk curbs during a wild anti-U.N. demonstration in Elisabethville last May. Munongo, who had distributed the weapons, characteristically explained to a Belgian associate: "You'd be surprised what a little violence can accomplish sometimes."

There are, to be sure, many pressures in favor of some arrangement with the central government. The Congo is a cheap source of agricultural produce, which now must be imported from Northern Rhodesia. Furthermore, it is unlikely that many countries will recognize the Elisabethville régime. And as long as Katanga is at odds with the rest of the Congo, it will have to maintain the heavy military burden that has drained its treasury and inhibited development.

Nevertheless, it would not be realistic to expect in the near future the kind of unity sought by U.N. officials in the Congo.

A New Problem for Nehru: Communists Bearing Votes

B. SHIVA RAO

NEW DELHI

SINCE JUNE of this year, newspaper reports in India have told of Communists abandoning their cause to join Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's Congress Party. From a single center in the northern state of the Punjab in June, according to one of the country's most influential dailies, the *Hindu* of Madras, two thousand Communists crossed over to the Congress Party. The same phenomenon is occurring in some other states, though not in such large numbers.

What lies behind these mass political shifts is, unfortunately, not disillusionment with Communism or a return of Communists to the ways of parliamentary democracy. Instead, evidence accumulating from several parts of the country indicates that the Communists are carrying out a long-standing plan of infiltration of the Congress Party, with a view to the ultimate capture of party machinery and through it of the government.

THE TACTICAL MOVE of Communists joining the Congress Party had been anticipated by political analysts here for some time. The immediate reason for the infiltration this year appears to be the approach of India's third general elections, to be held next February. The Communists have good reason to worry about their election prospects in many regions.

In the southern state of Kerala, the Communist government was ousted in July, 1959, after nearly two and one half years of control, when Nehru exercised his constitutional right to suspend the state government for six months. In the state elections of February, 1960, the Communists gained a million votes (3.2 million as against 2.2 million in 1957), but because of an electoral understanding between the Congress Party and other contesting groups the number of seats they won in the 127-man legislature fell from sixty to twenty-seven. The Communists also suffered a decisive reversal in Orissa this past summer.

China's aggression in Tibet and along India's Himalayan border has had much to do with Communist discomfiture. The twenty-seven Communist deputies maintained silence in debates in parliament about China for as long as they could, while their party spread propaganda along the Himalayan border in favor of the Chinese. All the party journals have consistently taken the line that Pakistan is India's main enemy and have expressed the hope that China's "unfortunate misunderstanding" with India about the demarcation of the border will sooner or later be settled through negotiations.

The United Front Strategy

In the domestic field, the Communists claim the growth of "genuine democratic forces" (including, of course, themselves) is endangered by "right-wing reactionary forces" in key positions in the country's economic life, in the administration and military apparatus, and inside the Congress Party itself. Thus party strategy, even before and in addition to the infiltration tactic, has been to work toward an understanding with the left wing of the Congress Party to oppose the conservative elements. For nearly two years, S. A. Dange, Communist leader in the Lok Sabha (lower house of parliament), has urged his followers to support the "progressive elements in the Congress Party represented by Nehru and [Defense Minister] V. K. Krishna Menon" against "right-wing reactionaries"—particularly Finance Minister Morarji Desai.

The party's difficulties and proposed strategy were outlined in a policy statement issued at the end of April. It was a compromise adopt-

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ed only after a week of angry recriminations between two rival groups—one leaning to Moscow for guidance and willing to concede that China was guilty of aggression on the Indian borders, and the other seeking to minimize the gravity of the threat from Peking.

The problem before the country, according to this policy statement, is how to bring about the "unity of democratic forces" when the Communist Party and left-wing forces in the Congress and other parties are "too weak in many areas to give adequate expression to the popular discontent, to rally the people and to wage an effective fight against the anti-people policies of the government."

To the rhetorical question "What is the way out: how to go forward?," the party statement replies, "The responsibility [falls] on the Communist Party and other advanced and conscious democratic forces" to evolve "a united front with the progressive elements in the Congress so that together they may tackle common national tasks." And, say the Communists, the chances of reaching such a policy are "in many respects extremely favorable."

This united front will be the keynote of the Communist Party's policy in the immediate future. Mr. Nehru, it is conceded, will have to continue as the leader of the Congress Party for some time, because his influence "is even wider [than the national movement] and the national democratic front cannot be built up by ignoring this major fact of the Indian situation."

RANK-AND-FILE Communists have been warned to avoid the mistake of equating the Congress Party with parties of right-wing reaction: "It is necessary to recognize that while a large part of the forces of the Right are inside the Congress Party, the bulk of those who are our potential allies are also inside the Congress Party." The Communist strategy is clearly stated: to forge links with "democrats inside the Congress and the mass of Congress members, our friends and potential allies in the struggle for the consolidation of political independence."

The plan of mass infiltration of the Congress Party is not new. In fact, this has been the line of Indian Communists since the party was formed in India in 1922. But Mahatma Gandhi's hold on the Congress Party and the Indian people was too strong for the Communists to break or even to weaken. The first Indian Communist leader, M. N. Roy, complained that Gandhi's "cult of nonviolence was inseparable from an anti-revolutionary spirit."

Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union in 1941 widened the gulf between Gandhi's followers and the Indian Communists. What the Congress Party leaders regarded as an "imperialist war" became for the Communists from that moment a "people's war," and for more than a decade thereafter the Communists bore the stigma of betraying the cause of national freedom.

A few months after the achievement of independence in 1947, the murder of Gandhi dealt the country and the new government led by Nehru a disastrous blow. For the Communists, however, Gandhi's death had a very different significance: the biggest obstacle to their working with the Congress Party was at last removed. And in the last decade those of Gandhi's chief lieutenants—Patel, Azad, Rajendra Prasad, Rajagopalachari, and Kripalani —who on the eve of the Second World War had prevented Nehru and the left-wing elements from committing the party to a socialist program also have disappeared through death or retirement. Rajagopalachari and Kripalani are out of the Congress Party. Patel and Azad are no longer alive. Rajendra Prasad, the President, is a sick old man on the verge of retirement.

Today, the Nehru government's state planning for raising India's standard of living encourages *New Age,* the Communist Party's official organ, to claim the two parties are close in their approach to domestic problems. In the sphere of foreign policy, ever since Krishna Menon became India's spokesman at the U.N. in 1952, nonalignment has been given a pro-Communist slant.

Menon and the Communists

Menon is the most controversial figure in India's political arena today. Only Nehru's insistence finally obtained his renomination as a Congress Party candidate from Bombay in the forthcoming elections. Three opposition parties have combined to go all out for his defeat, with Kripalani as their joint candidate. Bombay's voters remember that Menon sided with the Soviet Union on Hungary in the General Assembly and later made suspiciously pro-Chinese statements in parliament on the conquest of Tibet. "Aggression?" he cried during a debate in New Delhi. "The U.N. has not yet been able to define aggression."

It has been said that Communists from his home state of Kerala would have been willing to support him even as a Congress Party nominee on condition that the choice of the constituency be left to them. But such dependence on the Communists would have been too obvious to escape notice. While Communist support can be expected in Bombay City, it will not be the decisive factor. This Communist endorsement notwithstanding, Menon is easily the most influential member of Nehru's cabinet, with a decisive voice in the country's defense, foreign policy, and economic planning.

The resistance to infiltration of the Congress Party which the Communists encountered through the years of Gandhi's leadership and for some time afterward is now clearly much weaker. The question today is whether Nehru, at seventy-two, will wake up to the growing danger to his party.

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Nixon Goes for Broke

BRUCE BLIVEN

PALO ALTO

IN CALIFORNIA, where everything is bigger and showier and (according to the inhabitants) better than anywhere else, political quarrels are of the same order. With the next election about a year off and the primaries not until June, several candidates for governor are already slugging away like prize fighters who get into the ring and start punching in their bathrobes, before the customers have even arrived.

There is no doubt that Richard Nixon has been badly hurt by Goodwin Knight's well-substantiated charge that he was offered any job he wished, including that of chief justice of the California Supreme Court, to get out of the gubernatorial race. It indicates the spirit of the times that almost no one seems to take seriously the insistence of both Nixon and his emissary, J. Howard Edgerton, that the latter was speaking only for himself. Even though offers of this kind are by no means a novelty in American politics, the episode has left a bad taste, helped little by Nixon's tardy riposte that Knight had made an equally wicked proposal, offering to lead a pro-Nixon delegation to the G.O.P. convention in 1964 if Dick would get out of the race now. Only the editors of some of the big metropolitan newspapers, nearly all of them pro-Nixon, seem to believe that this is on a level with making the state's highest judicial position a political payoff, and that things are now all square.

The Democrats, of course, are delighted, believing that whichever man wins the Republican primary will have his chances of election hurt. Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown said piously, "I don't think either one has conducted himself in the way a person seeking high office should." For a few glorious hours someone in Sacramento, perhaps the Governor himself, dreamed of nice prison terms for both men—lasting, let us say, through the first few days of November, 1962.

Another sign of the times is that practically no one takes seriously Nixon's insistence that he will serve the whole four years as Governor. People note that he did not make a "Sherman-type" renunciation of Presidential ambition, saying merely that he would not be a candidate and that there is no such thing as a spontaneous draft. Nonetheless he is running for Governor against his will because of pressure by powerful forces in the G.O.P., inside California and out of it, who want him as a candidate in 1964, not 1968 or later. The only person who accepts his statement as gospel is Barry Goldwater, who has Presidential aspirations himself; he promptly began insisting that Dick is an honorable man and must remain chained to the rock in Sacramento.

The pro-Nixon forces, clearly, did not think Nixon's general prestige, his newspaper writings, and occasional speeches would keep him in the limelight. They feared that anybody merely practicing law in Los Angeles for the next four years would sink out of sight in the smog.

AT FIRST GLANCE, Nixon would seem to have a heavy advantage over Knight. He carried California in 1960, has the prestige of national office behind him, is Ike's boy, and has access to wealthy contributors of campaign funds—a fact especially important in a state with so many newcomers. The last time Knight ran, in 1958, he was badly defeated. (He holds Nixon partly responsible for pushing him out of the gubernatorial race, where he had a good chance, and into the Senatorial one, where he had none, and is bitter about it.) While his health is robust, he will be sixty-six before the next Governor takes office. The smart money should presumably be on Nixon.

But Knight is stronger than you might think. He is a shrewd old campaigner, so affable that a regional myth says he shakes hands with his wife every time she enters the room. He was a pretty good Governor, friendly to labor and receptive to social-welfare proposals. For several years he conducted a daily television news show in Los Angeles, the heart of the territory where two-thirds of the state's voters live; he is recognized on the street today far more often than when he was Governor. While it is true that the big California money is nearly all behind Nixon, it is possible that Knight will get help from outside the state. Some miserable cynics even think such help might come from friends of Barry Goldwater or of Nelson Rockefeller.

This campaign that has started rough is sure to get rougher. Knight is expected to bring up past controversies in which Nixon has been involved: his ruthless treatment of such opposing candidates as Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas, his secret fund that so nearly put him off the Republican ticket in 1952, the much-discussed loan by Howard Hughes to his brother. Herb Caen, the columnist of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, put his finger on a real problem when he said, "How come Dick Nixon always seems to be EXPLAINING something?" And he quoted an even sharper comment by someone else: "Dick Nixon complains he's been the victim of unfair personal attack—by almost everyone who has ever known him." If Dick squeezes through the primary—and people whose judgment is good think that he probably will—he'll know he has been in a race.

BARRING some political earthquake—a figure of speech Californians do not care for—Governor Brown will be a candidate to succeed himself. It is the fashion to say that his star has dimmed since he took office; but this comment comes oftenest and strongest from Republicans who wouldn't have liked him no matter what he did. It is true that Brown is sometimes inept in press conferences, and takes actions that are more credit to the heart of a generous and very human man than to the head of a tough politician; but it is also true that the state's newspapers, mostly against him, give an inadequate idea of his solid achievements that may well have made a strong impression on the voters.

For instance: Brown is personal-

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ly opposed to capital punishment, and is assumed to have hurt himself by his publicly displayed agonies over the Chessman case; but nobody can be sure that a majority of the voters are against him on this issue. He was inept at the 1960 Democratic national convention—but it turned out that he was betting on the winner. There has been criticism of his vast $1.75-billion scheme that will take surplus water from Northern California to the South, but the criticism comes almost entirely from a few people in the sparsely settled northern counties; the South loves it. Without this plan, the situation there would have been desperate in a few years; people were reviving the old joke about pinning their stamps to their letters. The plan is by far the largest ever undertaken by any American state; the Oroville Dam, on which work began in October, is alone said to be a bigger project than the Panama Canal.

Brown has done well in fighting for fairer treatment for racial minorities. He has ended a damaging split in the administration of higher education and has actually got a law passed that public-school instructors must be trained in the subjects they teach, instead of being merely experts in "life adjustment." He got through a thirty-seven per cent increase in unemployment insurance, which is now the highest in the nation; and old-age assistance, workmen's compensation, and other social-welfare payments have been substantially increased. His Consumer Counsel is fighting on many fronts to help the family get more and better goods for its dollar.

The state government, which now has twenty-seven departments and a clutter of 360 sprawling independent agencies, is being reorganized down into eight major divisions. Brown has worked to get medical care and other improvements in the lot of the "fruit tramps," one of the most savagely exploited groups in the country. He also points proudly to an increase in personal income of 16.7 per cent, of 11.5 per cent in farm income, and of 16.3 per cent in corporation income, as well as construction of nearly half a million new homes and a cut in taxes of $8 million. The state budget increases from year to year, in line with an increase in the population of about 1,500 persons per day; but the budget is balanced, and this year's increase is by the smallest percentage since 1943.

NIXON lost the Presidential race in 1960, he now thinks, because he did not pay enough attention to labor and urban low-income groups; if he is the candidate for Governor, he will be running against a man very strong with these elements.

Brown is well attuned to the tempo of politics today. Nixon's press conference announcing his candidacy was carried on television; while he

Governor 'Pat' Brown

was still on the air, some California TV stations received by special messenger a video tape containing Brown's previously prepared reply.

Nixon says he intends to "clean up the mess in Sacramento," which sounds like a revamped form of Eisenhower's successful statement in 1952 that he would "clean up the mess in Washington." The Democrats, in addition to saying, "What mess in Sacramento?," are pretty sure to charge that in his eight years away from California, Nixon has lost touch with the state and doesn't really know the local problems. There were titters when he referred to "the State House" in Sacramento, a term rarely used in the West.

California has abolished the cross-filing system under which every candidate could run in the primaries of all parties; the hopelessly confused voters usually plumped for the incumbent, on the ground that they had at least heard of him. Now a candidate must give his party affiliation, and only voters registered in that party can support him. Some Democrats, inveterate Nixon-haters, may change parties to vote for Knight, but few people think this will be an important movement. The action must be taken at least fifty-four days before the primary; you have to find out where to go to do it (county practice is not uniform) and then go there.

Offsetting this trend—if there is one—may be another. There are several hundred thousand enrolled Democrats who almost always vote Republican; they helped Nixon carry the state in 1960, in spite of a Democratic registration outranking the Republican by four to three, or a million and a quarter votes. This G.O.P. fifth column consists of old-fashioned conservatives who never liked the New Deal, Fair Deal, or New Frontier. Conceivably some of them, in a pro-Nixon mood, might turn formally Republican in next year's primary.

THERE ARE at present two other candidates for the Republic nomination; one of these, Joe Shell, is much to the right of Nixon and will drain off some John Birch-type votes he would otherwise have had. If he were to win, he would almost certainly face a hostile legislature. Both senate and assembly have big Democratic majorities, and the state has just been reapportioned ("gerrymandered" is the Republican word) to help the Democrats in many doubtful districts.

Nixon went into the race because private polls told him he could beat Brown; but this was before the Knight scandal. He knows he is risking his political future. If Knight wins the primary, Nixon is through. If Brown wins the election—which is at least an even-money bet at this time—Nixon is through. If Nixon gets elected but by only a narrow margin in his home state, he is probably also through. Does anybody remember what ever became of Bill Knowland?

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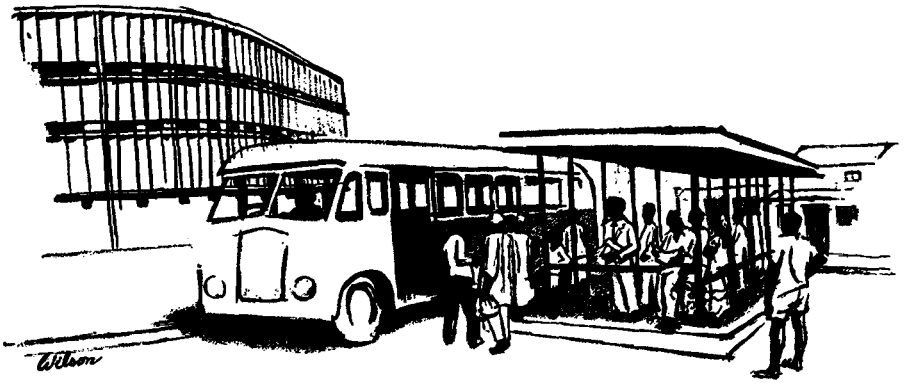

Big Brother in Ghana

BLAINE LITTELL

"It is true that according to the custom of Ghana no chief ever speaks directly to his subjects; he speaks through his linguist and if a chief speaks through a linguist and errs it is the linguist who has erred and not the chief."—B. K. Adama, Wala South member of the opposition United Party during a parliamentary debate on Friday, October 13, 1961.

ACCRA

THE LINGUISTS of Ghana speak today for one chief and they do not err. For to err in Ghana is not only not human, it is anti-state, subversive, traitorous, imperialist, and neocolonialist; and to forgive in Ghana is inconceivable in the present atmosphere of fear, tension, and distrust.

The chief himself has, during these weeks of crisis, kept out of public view. His infrequent sorties from headquarters in Flagstaff House are not announced until he is safely back inside, and he is carried to and from his destination in a bulletproof Rolls-Royce flanked by a heavy cordon of motorcycle police.

If the chief is worried, his linguists have been careful to convey the opposite impression. In Parliament House, in the newspapers, and over Radio Ghana, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah —Osagyefo, the Liberator, commander in chief of the armed forces and president of the Republic of Ghana —is described as radiantly healthy, supremely confident, and more determined than ever before to lead the people of Ghana along the road to true socialism.

Although Osagyefo himself remains cloistered in his offices, a steady stream of messages bearing his name pours out of Flagstaff House. One such message, read aloud recently to a meeting of the All-Africa Youth Conference here, prompted a columnist on an afternoon daily to predict that his words would "reverberate throughout the length and breadth of Continental Africa!

"I pondered," added the writer, "the mystery of volcanic dynamism which inhabits your Great Mind and erupts so often in utterances of such matchless radiance. In the name of the Seventy-seven Deities that Guard the Destiny of Ghana, I invoke on your High Dedication the blessings of Longer Life, so that you can fulfill your Messianic mission of a Prosperous Ghana among the coming of a Peaceful United States of Continental Africa."

Volcanic eruptions of langauge such as that are the rule when it comes to describing Osagyefo. Occasionally, but only occasionally, Osagyefo's linguists do run dry, as did one newspaper which carried the same editorial, championing his High Dedication, two days running.

Guest linguists are also much in demand and are given a big play in Nkrumah's press. What Mali says in praise of Osagyefo is big news in Accra, and Guinea's words of support are, presumably, music to the ears of the listeners to Ghana Radio (who can catch the broadcasts in French, English, and six Ghanaian languages). One guest linguist struck such a responsive chord in the publisher of the *Evening News* (founded by Kwame Nkrumah) that he ran his piece on page 1 under the headline: "NKRUMAH IS OUR MESSIAH!"

In his article, Jernie M. Dove of Sierra Leone developed the theory that only a chosen few (among them Karl Marx, Lenin, Mao, and Gandhi) had ever "caught glimpses of the Christ or the true idea of God, good. When our history is recorded," Dove concluded, "the man Kwame Nkrumah will be written of as the liberator, the Messiah, the Christ of our day . . . Yes! Indeed!! Kwame Nkrumah is our Messiah and he is immortal."

Dissent is not tolerated. A bootlegged copy of the *Express* of Nigeria in which the paper suggested mildly that among statesmen there was a time for ascent and a time for descent, and that perhaps even Nkrumah fitted into this category, arrived recently in Accra. It was passed gleefully but surreptitiously from hand to hand among the drinkers, black and white, at the Ambassador Bar.

ANY DOUBTS as to what may and may not be said about Nkrumah were laid to rest last month when parliament approved the Criminal Code Amendment bill. The operative passage of the measure states:

"Any person who does an act with intent to insult or bring the President of the Republic of Ghana into hatred, contempt or ridicule is punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years or to both."

During the debate which preceded parliament's overwhelming approval of the measure, several members of the opposition United Party noted that there was a difference between Osagyefo as head of state, "Fount of Honor," and commander-in-chief, and Osagyefo as head of the executive branch of government and leader of the ruling Congressional People's

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Party. Could the honorable members, while praising the head of state, safely criticize his behavior at a political level? The answer was "No."

"It is obvious," said Kofi Baako, leader of the House, "that we cannot do what certain honorable members are asking us to do, namely to give permission to abuse the president as head of government and to honor him as head of state. We cannot differentiate between these two offices."

If the Criminal Code Amendment bill is ominous, the Criminal Procedure Amendment bill, also approved by the legislature, is downright frightening. This latter measure creates a new high court to deal with such offenses as treason, sedition, rioting, and unlawful assembly. The court is to be composed of three judges, hand-picked by the executive branch, and its decisions are final. A majority decision is sufficient for conviction, and the minority opinion, if any, will not be disclosed. Penalties range from long prison sentences to death.

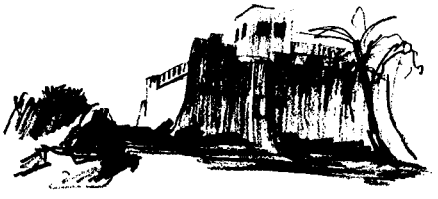
Creation of the new court and the trials which are sure to follow are but the latest in a series of developments which began with what is now almost invariably referred to as "Osagyefo's epoch-making dawn broadcast." Approaching the microphones of Radio Ghana "in accordance with the cherished customs of our fathers whereby advice is sought and given at early dawn," Nkrumah exhorted his people, and specifically his cabinet ministers, to tighten their belts, put shoulder to wheel, and above all have done with graft, corruption, "red tapeism," and ostentatious living.

Most Ghanaians approved of Nkrumah's broadcast, and the linguists increased the mileage with the slogan "One Man—One Car." But then the poised ax began to fall and in July Nkrumah introduced his new budget. It was and remains an immensely unpopular document. It increased import duties up to one hundred per cent; it doubled, through an increase in purchase taxes, the price of automobiles; it raised taxes on locally produced beer and cigarettes and on urban property; and it revised and enlarged the machinery for collecting income taxes. But more than that, it introduced a compulsory savings scheme under which people earning ten pounds a month or more are obliged to invest five per cent of their salaries in government bonds. A freeze on wages, designed to forestall inflation, further tightened the screws.

GHANA began to grumble but Nkrumah, turning things over to his linguists, left on an extended trip to Russia. He returned by way of Belgrade. According to most observers present at that September gathering of neutral nations, Nkrumah and his belligerent, decidedly anti-western brand of neutralism lost ground. It was Mr. Nehru of India (who is known to consider Nkrumah something of a bore) who won the day with his argument that neutral nations, to be truly effective, must remain truly unaligned.

Throughout the conference, Nkrumah had been receiving urgent requests from Accra for his return home. Finally, but only at the very end of the neutralist convention, Nkrumah obliged. When he arrived in Ghana on September 16, a strike of dockyard and transport workers at Secondi and Takoradi was still in progress and threatening to spread. Trapped between the wage freeze and the sharp rise in the cost of living (both dictated by the new budget), the workers were in an ugly mood. Delegations of cabinet ministers from Accra had failed to budge them, and the army, under the command of British General Henry T. Alexander, had not moved.

Nkrumah broke the strike. His minister of the interior, Kwaku Boateng, acting under the Preventive Detention Act of 1958, issued warrants for the arrest of fifty "enemies of the state." On the list were many strikers, several "market mammies" who had fed them during the walkout, two journalists, a fisherman, a guitar player, and four members of the United Party, including Joe Appiah, deputy leader of the opposition and son-in-law of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, and the venerable J. B. Danquah. Danquah can lay equal claim with Nkrumah to Ghana's emergence as an independent nation. It was he who first suggested the name of Ghana as a substitute for Gold Coast and, in a further twist of irony, it was he who had underwritten the cost of Boateng's course of studies at the London School of Economics. Boateng arrested him nonetheless, and the Nkrumah press labeled him "damned quack" and screamed for his scalp.



Several of those on the list of fifty escaped arrest and are still at large at this writing. The *Evening News* posted a hundred-guinea reward for the capture of one of them, Obetsebi Lamptey. To quote only briefly from the front-page Wanted Notice, Lamptey is a "Criminal, Scoundrel, Assassin, Coward, Nincompoop, Swindler and Desperate Political Lunatic! Bloodthirsty, Obdurate Fiend, Heartless Looking, Addicted to the Opium of Tribalism, Vain Boasting and often suffering from fits of mad yelling and screaming and using his fists on innocent people."

At about the same time that the police were rounding up the "saboteurs and counter-revolutionaries," Nkrumah purged his cabinet of five of its members, among them his longtime finance minister, Koula Agbeli Gbedemah, a conservaitve economist who had differed with him on the budget, arguing for a cut in government expenditure rather than a boost in taxes. In firing the five ministers, Nkrumah did not give differences of opinion as the reason. Instead, he accused them of living high and pursuing business interests not compatible with their government jobs. Certain suspicions that these were not Nkrumah's real reasons were confirmed when it was noted that Krobo Edusei, now minister of light and heavy industries, is still on the payroll and is even now touring the Iron Curtain countries in a highly successful quest for trade agreements. Edusei will always be remembered with affection in Ghana for his admission "Sure, people give me money, but they never get anything for it."

There are other moves, too, just as alarming to the West and no doubt pleasing to the Communists. Nkrumah fired General Alexander and sent him and eighty Brit-

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ish officers home; more will follow. A few days later, he dispatched the first sixty-eight of a proposed four hundred cadets to the Soviet Union for three and a half years of military training. The Builders Brigade, ten thousand strong, was rechristened the Workers Brigade and attached to the army for training and discipline, and an ideological training school was established at Winneba to teach Nkrumahism to carefully chosen trade unionists, educators, and government functionaries.

Wide-open Doors

All these and many other recent developments in Ghana have led a large number of competent observers to the conclusion that Nkrumah has sold out to the Communists. According to this line of thought, Nkrumah was almost forced to do so by the circumstances. His dreams of kindling the flames of Pan-Africanism throughout the continent, and then leading that movement himself, had come to nothing. His very nature made the acceptance of defeat unthinkable, but he was in desperate need of money to keep going. He knew he was not going to get that money from the West. His only alternative, therefore, was to apply to Moscow. Moscow, in turn, agreed to help Nkrumah spread Nkrumahism but only on condition that he support the East in the United Nations, kick the British "mercenaries" out of Ghana, clean out the "unreliable elements" in his own official family, and so forth

This theory may be correct up to a certain point (although it is not in Nkrumah's character to take dictation from anybody), but ignores the fact that Ghana's doors are still wide open to the West and will probably remain wide open unless we shut them ourselves.

Ghana today has reached an economic crisis. The balance of payments showed a $75-million deficit in 1960. Foreign reserves have dropped precipitously. Sixty-five per cent of Ghana's economy is based on cocoa, but there has been a thirty to forty per cent decline in world cocoa prices. Cocoa farmers (and there are three hundred thousand of them in Ghana) are being paid slowly and in some cases not at all. To top it all off, the government has committed itself to a costly program of improvements. Some of the money has gone for such items of self-glorification as the huge Black Star Square in Accra, but most of it has been spent or is earmarked for schools, hospitals,

roads, deep-water ports, and communications facilities.

At present, it is the West that is keeping Ghana afloat. Strange as it may seem, especially now at the height of the vitriolic campaign against "imperialists and neo-colonialists who seek to enslave us" and the relentless insistence on "true socialism," Ghana's economy remains predominantly one of private enterprise. Ninety per cent of the country's imports are in the hands of European or American merchants. Private capital has provided most of the investment in industry, and the capital in the private sector of Ghana's economy is at least equal to, and is probably greater than, that in the public sector.

RUSSIA may be willing and able to furnish Nkrumah with the Ilyushins to fly to conferences and the money he needs for handouts to Guinea and Mali and the very few other African states still interested in Nkrumahism, but there is more to Ghana than Ilyushins and the requirements of Osagyefo's ego, and Nkrumah himself realizes this. He needs private capital. He needs technical assistance. Above all, he needs the Volta project.

The Volta River Dam project, if it is ever completed, will provide water for irrigation to the farmers of the north, hydroelectric power to the inhabitants of the eastern, southern, and coastal regions, and facilities for the manufacture of aluminum on a large scale.

It will cost an estimated $324 million, of which $47 million is to come from the World Bank, $14 million from the United Kingdom, $98 million from Ghana itself, and the remainder, or about half the total, from the Export-Import Bank, the Development Loan Fund, and private U.S. investors. If America pulls out, the Volta project is doomed. Perhaps Ghana will be doomed, too. Scores of companies, consortiums, and private investors are waiting now to see what happens to Volta. If Volta goes down the drain, these potential investors will take that as their cue for a hasty exit.

In recent weeks Nkrumah has twice written President Kennedy to urge swift U.S. approval of funds for the Volta Dam, explaining that Ghana's contract with an Italian construction company requires a commitment by next spring. At the same time, he endeavored to repair damage done his relations with the West at Belgrade. In a letter to Khrushchev (timed for publication abroad, rather than Accra) he expressed deep concern over the Soviet Union's plans to test a fifty-megaton bomb.

Construction of the Volta project, it is felt here, would have a twofold effect. It would strengthen Ghana *and* it would strengthen Nkrumah. The former is desirable, the latter debatable, to say the very least. But in the opinion of most western experts in Accra, there is really no alternative. America's withdrawal from the Volta project would deliver a body blow to Ghana and its people, but it would not topple Nkrumah. He is firmly entrenched and would only turn the collapse of Volta into an argument for a quick-march to Communism. Other African nations, ever ready to recall the fact that America is big and white and Ghana black and small, might follow suit.

"Surely," the American visitor to Ghana is told repeatedly, "surely you're not going to pull another Aswan."

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Melodies from Byrdland

DOUGLASS CATER

WASHINGTON

THE Byrd machine of Virginia, it has been argued, is not really a machine at all. Unlike crude organizations of the Tammany type, it is supposed to be more comparable to a gentlemen's club which is bound together by ties of courtly tradition and subtle understanding. Yet, even as Tammany was headed for defeat in the Democratic primary this year, the organization owing its allegiance to Senator Harry Flood Byrd was once again victorious in every contest for state office. When it ran into difficulty, the ties of tradition and understanding proved to have the strength of steel.

Anti-Byrd forces had devoted considerable effort to winning the House of Delegates seat from Alexandria which was occupied by James Thomson, a Byrd in-law. When the returns came in on the night of July 11, there was one cheery note for Byrd's opponents amid the general gloom. Their man, Denis K. Lane, had defeated Thomson by four votes, 4,477-4,473.

In the first shock, Thomson seemed disposed to accept his defeat, pointing out correctly that under state law he could demand a recount only if there were allegations of fraud. Two days later, however, he filed a petition charging "irregularities and informalities." His friend Howard W. Smith, Jr., son of the formidable chairman of the Rules Committee in the U.S. House of Representatives, visited the clerk of the court's office to complain about the returns filed in two precincts. Thereupon the secretary of the board of elections, Michael J. Horan, called in the election commissioners, opened the sealed ballot envelopes of the two precincts, and had them recounted. (Virginia election law requires the clerk to obtain a court order, but this functionary later explained that he had been away from his office when Horan took matters into his own hands.) It proved a futile effort on Thomson's behalf. The recount of the two precincts reduced his total by nine votes and increased Lane's by one.

But the Byrd forces were not done. A few days later, Howard W. Smith, Jr., now formally acting as attorney for Thomson, filed a petition with the clerk stating that the ballot count was "erroneous" because "many of the judges and clerks of election . . . were physically and mentally fatigued after the unusually long day at the polls, to wit: thirteen hours." It was also stated that "because of the closeness of the election and the resulting strain and excitement, errors developed in the counting of said ballots."

A specially appointed three-man court was convened, composed of men venerable in the Byrd service. Winning candidate Lane pointed out that the election officials had merely worked the hours prescribed by state law and, in any event, had not been unduly burdened by a vote which was approximately half that cast in Alexandria at the previous Presidential election. Lane argued that Thomson had presented no evidence to justify a judicial review, much less a recount.

In response, Albert V. Bryan, Jr., son of the Federal appeals judge from Virginia and co-counsel for Thomson, went off on a surprising new tack. He maintained that because the sealed envelopes from the two precincts had been opened, contrary to election law, they should be declared null and void.

The judges ordered the ballots brought in, and it was discovered that quite a number of envelopes had been opened. It seemed that Election Secretary Horan had neglected to instruct the election officials in proper procedure for filing their returns; several of them had sealed up their poll books along with the ballots. It had been necessary to open the envelopes in order to tally the votes from the precincts.

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, the judges ordered the election clerks to make a recount, referring all "questionable" ballots to their judicial review. When this was done, they retired to chambers, emerging two hours later to declare that Thomson was winner—by one vote. They had cast out twenty-nine ballots, twenty-two of them belonging to Lane.

The judges had not been unanimous. Afterward, Judge Hamilton Haas of Harrisonburg made it known that he had opposed the recount in the first place. He also told a reporter that three of the Lane ballots which were thrown out had been . "adequately and lawfully marked." One, according to Haas, was rejected simply because the marking looked like a "Y" instead of an "X"; another because it was a "curlicue."

Since Virginia law provides for no appeal, there was widespread merriment when old boss Byrd gathered his friends for his annual harvest party at his Berryville apple orchards. Reporters present saw the smiling, rosy-cheeked Senator standing in a group with Delegate Thomson. Nearby stood Michael Horan, who despite his recent ineptitudes as election secretary is the Byrd candidate for the newly created Federal district judgeship for Northern Virginia. Also present was Albert Bryan, Jr., Thomson's candidate for the Sixteenth Circuit judgeship of Virginia, soon to be established by the State Assembly.

Denis Lane, of course, was not present. He is being permitted to pay the $180 in court costs arising from the recount.

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Cheddi Jagan And the Domino Theory

EDWARD DE GRAFF

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA

Among the clichés cultivated by political phrasemakers, none is more sanctified by repetition than the metaphor of the falling dominoes. Let one country experience an unfortunate political turn and—so runs the metaphor—all its neighboring and related states are sure to topple.

In the Western Hemisphere, Cuba has been the first domino. Now, with the election on August 21 of Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan as the first prime minister of soon-to-be-independent British Guiana, speculation about the second domino has begun.

This concern traces back to Dr. Jagan's spectacular fall from power in 1953, when the British government, fearful of an immediate Communist takeover, ousted his administration. But the record also includes many other disturbing entries:

¶ Dr. Jagan and his immediate circle have frequently referred to themselves informally as Marxists. In the recent campaign he and his wife and his principal associates were openly and continuously accused of taking their orders from Moscow.

¶ Brindley Benn, a top leader of Dr. Jagan's party, has stated on the floor of the legislature that "It is easier to stop tomorrow than Communism." Another party leader visited Communist China and praised it publicly upon his return.

¶ In April, 1960, Dr. Jagan visited Havana at the invitation of the Cuban government. He has lauded Castro as "the liberator of Cuba."

¶ Dr. Jagan's minister of education in the régime terminated by the August elections saw fit, in July, to remove from use in the government Teachers' Training College a rather restrained USIS pamphlet contrasting life in free and totalitarian societies—on the ground that the publication constituted propaganda.

Some alarmed observers, including several United States Senators, have begun to utter cries of warning. And they may very well be right. But numerous other factors tend to qualify a dogmatic judgment.

It Wasn't El Dorado

This unique and heterogeneous country's eighty-three thousand square miles are almost equal to New York State plus all of New England except Maine. Nearly ninety per cent of it is covered with tropical forest, punctuated only feebly and occasionally by bits of civilization. Most of the rest is wild inland savanna. A flat alluvial belt, a few miles in width, borders the ocean for two hundred and seventy miles and supports almost the entire population of 558,000. Much of this coastal strip is below sea level.

Internal communications are almost nil. Two hundred and sixty miles of fairly good roads exist in the coastal belt, with another two hundred and forty miles of dirt roads in a nearby but unconnected interior system. Great rivers, navigable for sixty to eighty miles, rise in the interior forests and flow north to the Atlantic.

Population centers are also almost nonexistent. The only city of any size is Georgetown, the capital, with 148,000 people. The only other municipality is New Amsterdam, with fourteen thousand. For the rest, there are little settlements here and there, a few mining camps, the hut clusters of the Amerinds who greeted Sir Walter Raleigh upon his arrival in this wilderness in search of El Dorado, and the agricultural areas of the coastal belt, including the great sugar estates.

More than half of the agricultural labor force is engaged directly or indirectly in the growth and processing of sugar. Rice and coconuts come next. Although the economic potential of the country is great, the only conspicuous industry is the extraction and processing of bauxite. There are a few other mining operations, including manganese. Most of the capital is Canadian, although one bauxite company is American.

THE RACIAL MIXTURE is an exotic one. East Indians constitute 48 per cent of the population. Those of African stock account for another 34 per cent. Aside from those of mixed descent, there are also a few thousand each of Portuguese, other Europeans, Chinese, and Amerinds. Racial loyalty is strong.

African slaves were the first to bear the heavy labor of field and factory. Following emancipation early in the last century, the Africans began to come together in little agricultural villages. Over the years they found their way into the police, the civil service, and various phases of the economic life of Georgetown. Meanwhile, indentured East Indians were imported in great numbers to work the fields, and took prompt refuge in a clannish huddle. Intermarriage occurs, although not very frequently, and the relations between the two great groups are comparatively relaxed except when the patriotic politicians take over.

In 1946, Great Britain reduced property qualifications for voters and candidates in the colony and politics became more accessible to the public. Young professionals began to return from overseas. Conspicuous among them was Dr. Cheddi Jagan.

A Dentist in Politics

Jagan, the son of an East Indian plantation supervisor, spent two years at Howard University in Washington, where his encounter with the color line helped form the pattern of his anti-Americanism. Later, while studying dentistry at Northwestern University, he improved his spare time with reading courses in economics, sociology, philosophy, and political science. After seven years in all, he returned to British Guiana full of new ambitions and the con-

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viction that Marxism is the fast road for the development of colonial areas. He was accompanied by his American wife, who had been a member of the Young Communist League in her native Chicago.

The two Jagans entered politics in tandem, and Janet Jagan was the minister of labor, health, and housing in her husband's 1953 régime; she is the general secretary of his party, and is considered a far more able organizer and administrator.

Handsome, amiable, idealistic, a demagogue par excellence, Jagan has a fine instinct for the flashing stroke, the dramatic gesture. In 1950 he and his wife formed the People's Progressive Party, or P.P.P., and attempted to unite the various factions of the working-class movement. One of their associates was a young Guianese lawyer of African descent, L. F. S. Burnham, who had read his law at Oxford.

A new constitution came into effect in 1953, with full adult suffrage and increased internal powers for the locally elected government. Jagan and the P.P.P. won eighteen of the twenty-four legislative seats in the June elections that year. The party's platform emphasized broad but familiar reforms, and could hardly be called inflammatory.

But the leftward trend began to cause profound concern in London. On October 8, 1953, the British government invoked its reserved powers and suspended the colony's constitution, inaugurating a four-year period of interim administration by the British colonial office. British troops were landed. Dr. Jagan spent six months in jail, his wife five.

A few days after suspending the constitution the British issued a White Paper, accompanied by the statement that "Her Majesty's Government are quite satisfied that the elected Ministers and their party were completely under the control of a Communist clique." The White Paper alleged that the P.P.P. had fomented strikes, tried to undermine the police, sponsored Communist ties and organizations, including the World Federation of Trade Unions, and attempted to subvert the government and run it on totalitarian lines.

There has been some feeling subsequently that the British moved too hastily and failed to document their charges. But a conviction has remained, nevertheless, that the P.P.P.'s brief period in office raised serious and legitimate doubts about the intentions of its leaders.

During the interim government Jagan and Burnham parted company and eventually Burnham organized his own party, the People's National Congress, or P.N.C. It began to thrive under the expert ministrations of its leader, whose education and suavity tend to mask the Tammany technician lurking just below the surface. The P.N.C. soon became the predominant vehicle of the Africans in Guiana.

DR. JAGAN'S second administration, after new elections were permitted in 1957, proceeded without any of the fireworks that brought the first to its early demise, and in March, 1960, the British participated in new constitutional discussions. Dr. Jagan raised loud demands for independence forthwith. "If it means raising hell, we will do that," he said.

But in the end he and the other leaders settled for the system of increased internal autonomy that went into effect with this August's elections. Dr. Jagan became prime minister with full internal powers, except that all bills enacted by the Guiana legislature must receive the assent of the British government, which also retains broad powers over defense and foreign affairs.

These reserved powers are substantial, but they will be of short duration. The 1960 negotiations also produced a commitment by Britain to discuss full independence on a timetable that in effect set next August as the outside date. Both the P.P.P. and the P.N.C. have pledged themselves, before and after the recent elections, to undertake immediate negotiations for full independence.

The last two years have also witnessed the emergence of a third political leader in Guiana. He is Peter d'Aguiar, a wealthy and personable businessman of Portuguese extraction, the brewer of an excellent local beer. D'Aguiar's party, the United Force, lacks the broad base in a major racial group, and is clearly marked as a party of the upper echelons of Guiana's class structure. Its program, Economic Dynamism, based on foreign loans, private enterprise, and close ties with the West, would seem sensible to Americans, but in leftist British Guiana it puts d'Aguiar in the role of a reactionary.

The 1961 election was basically between Jagan's P.P.P. and Burnham's P.N.C. Of the thirty-five legislative seats involved, the P.P.P. won twenty, the P.N.C. took eleven, and the United Force gathered four.

A Tightrope Act

Enigmas surround Dr. Jagan as he emerges victorious from the election. His old excesses, his newer mood of relative restraint, the emotional coloration of his temperament and personality, and the incalculable new pressures and temptations that will now beset him are all factors to be weighed in evaluating the man. Their interaction raises many questions concerning him but yields no sure answers.

The election, among other results, certified the emergence of the P.N.C. as a powerful and cohesive party. Organizationally it is superior to the P.P.P. Unlike the latter, it is a political entity with wide and varied support and not merely the personal vehicle of a single leader. The ideology of the P.N.C. is revealed in two remarks Mr. Burnham made to me during the campaign: "Have no doubt about it—we are well left of center," and "Our party is anti-Communist, but we don't make a philosophy of anti-Communism. We prefer a more affirmative approach." In brief, it is socialist (but in favor of continued private operation of sugar and bauxite), nationalist, neutralist, and reformist.

The existence of the P.N.C. is one of the factors that will tend to qualify the more drastic predictions of the anti-Jagan commentators. Dr. Jagan henceforth will have the sustained opposition of a well-led party based on a large racial group and sufficiently leftist to fight him on his own ground.

But there are other qualifications. One of them is doubt as to the real nature of Dr. Jagan's desires at this time. There is a body of opinion, both within and without Guiana, which holds that the responsibilities of office and the debacle in 1953

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have tempered his early Marxist views, at least in practice. The *Trinidad Guardian,* a close observer of the Guiana scene, has remarked: "Dr. Jagan has given repeated evidences of moderation in the intervening years. His words, while not always reflecting the highest wisdom, must be considered in the context of the wish to obtain maximum financial benefits for his country by playing off both ends against the middle—a device not unfamiliar among leaders in undeveloped countries—without necessarily having any questionable end in view."

SINCE the election, Dr. Jagan has spoken in terms of accommodation. During a trip to Canada and the United States last month, he expressed his hope for American and Canadian investments, and his desire to participate in President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress. He disclaims any intention to nationalize plantations or mines now, but reserves the right to do so in the future.

If British Guiana were to go the way of Cuba, the event would have great significance, but probably not the kind of significance envisioned by some American analysts. There has been some rather scatter-shot talk of the imminent appearance of a Communist land base in South America. But it is difficult to conceive what British Guiana could add, within the visible future, to the facilities for physical infiltration by air or sea that are already available in Cuba. Colombia is totally out of range. The Brazilian, Venezuelan, and Guianese borders meet at an altitude of 9,000 feet, behind hundreds of miles of matted rain forest, swamp, and jagged escarpments.

In terms of political prognosis, all this indicates something less damaging and conclusive than immediate catastrophe for the West. It indicates, rather, the beginning of a long period of uncertainty.

British Guiana can turn toward Castroism, and will probably do so if the United States, Britain, and Canada assume an attitude of hostility. Or it can try to avoid international power politics as far as possible while its leaders concentrate on solving the new nation's formidable problems. Right now these two possibilities waver in delicate balance.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Few Hours In Narni, Orvieto, Arezzo

ROBERT M. COATES

ONE OF THE CHARMS of the hill towns of Italy is that you never know what you are going to run into in them. For all their similarity of design, the life in them is incredibly various; odd things crop up everywhere, and it may have been only no more than was to be expected that we found ourselves at a motor-scooter carnival at Arezzo. Sometimes, too, even tinier incidents added their peculiar color to the place and helped make it memorable. There was the man who insisted on talking French to us at the garage outside Narni, for example. I'll remember him; and certainly the episode of the old lady in the tobacco shop did its share to illuminate my memories of Orvieto. Yet each one was small enough in itself—so small indeed that I hesitate to recount them all, for fear I won't be able to convey the special flavor they had for me.

WHAT IMPRESSED ME about the man at Narni was not so much that he spoke French but that his whole discourse was about the Paris department stores. Narni is a smallish town, about sixty miles north of Rome on the Via Flaminia, standing tiptoe, so to speak, on the edge of a steep declivity overlooking the valley of the Nera River, and surmounted by a small but ponderously walled, square-towered castle on the summit above. Narni was a stronghold in pre-Etruscan times, when the Umbrian tribes ruled the region, but its fortifications are largely in ruins now, for it was sacked by the combined armies of Charles V and Francis I in 1527 as they were on their merry way upcountry after the sack of Rome, and apparently never recovered from it.

It is reputed to have quite a good collection of paintings in its Pinacoteca, which is lodged in the Palazzo Comunale, including one of the better Benozzo Gozzolis, an "Annunciation," and a Ghirlandajo "Coronation of the Virgin," both of which I had seen in reproduction. I didn't see them *in situ,* however, for we arrived just after the stroke of noon—which meant that the churches and museums were closed and would remain closed, inexorably, until three o'clock or even later, and we hadn't the time or the patience to wait that long.

As a result—and apart from an excellent lunch at a restaurant called the Cestola, with a truly spectacular view overlooking the curve of the river valley below—I remember

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Narni chiefly from a strolling look at its external aspects: the high-arched, cavernous loggia of the Priory, now serving as a lavatoio pubblico, or public washhouse, with an odd little balconied pulpit let into the wall above; the bleak-fronted brick façade of the Palazzo Comunale, opening on a low, heavy-vaulted courtyard; the round-arched, weather-worn portals of the fourteenth-century Church of San Francesco; and, of course, the narrow, twisting streets and side streets—all dozing now in the siesta—leading this way and that between.

There was also a small, irregularly shaped open space, the Piazza Garibaldi, where we had a coffee and grappa afterward, which somehow, with its fortunate, fortuitous architectural arrangement—an ancient gateway here, a towered house beyond, a fourteenth-century fountain in the center and facing it a pink-stuccoed, porticoed Renaissance building, now housing a branch of the Banca di Roma—had an almost theatrical air about it. It had a little the air of a stage set—its architectural vagaries not the result of accident, but planned, for the sake of dramatic values.

Our French-speaking acquaintance was only an incident in all this, then. He popped up from nowhere, it seemed, as we had stopped for gas at a garage on the outskirts of the town. He was old but spry, with a thin, shrewd face, and he was on his way down from the village on a Vespa motor scooter when he spotted us.

And our car was a Renault Dauphine, with a 75 on its plates that showed it to be Paris-licensed. . . . So, Americans or not—for we had to confess to our American origin—we must know Paris: was the Galeries Lafayette still there, and as brave with brass and glass and as filled with merchandise as ever? And the Louvre—not the museum, but the big store across from it, on the rue de Rivoli, wasn't it? What a place that was, and again jam-packed with practically everything!

But that was true of them all, wasn't it—the Samaritaine, and the Bazaar de l'Hôtel de Ville? A man could wander for days in any one of them, and not exhaust their resources. So he went on, and we listened in astonishment, while the garageman filled the tank, checked the oil and water and so on. He apparently knew the man.

"*Lascia, lascia,*" he muttered occasionally. "Pipe down." But the man paid no attention. He had lived in Paris for a few years in the 1920's, when he was young. He had worked mainly in the Citroën automobile factory; he hadn't been back since, and I couldn't help remarking that under the circumstances his French, though a little rusty, was more than adequate.

This, however, hardly concerned him. "Et Le Bon Marché. Vous connaissez Le Bon Marché? Rue de Sèvres?" he yelled after us as we started off. I wish now we hadn't got away so soon, for I'm still puzzling about him. It was a hot, dry day, late August by then, and the town was Narni. To the visitor, such places are all of a piece, inviolable, a compilation of age and tranquillity. Somewhere, though, in that framework, one has to fit in an old man, a native, who traveled abroad in his youth and came back with the strangest memories.

As a boy, when I lived in Colorado, I knew a man, old Pop Parry, as he was called, who was still fighting the Utes and the other mountain Indians, long after their menace had vanished; and in Assisi, as a writer myself, I was intrigued by the sound of a typewriter, clacking away behind a lighted window high up in the house across the way from our hotel. I mention these only because in each case they gave a feeling of depth to the town—as was true, again, of our encounter at Narni.

I SHALL TRY to be briefer—let's say brief, anyway—about the incident at Orvieto. There was a similar feeling of a gain in my depth of understanding, again not easily explainable, in this occurrence too. Here it was market day, and the big Piazza Comunale was filled with makeshift booths, and alive with farm people and traveling tradesmen, the ones selling their produce and the others miscellaneous merchandise: as I see it now the episode centers on the brown bony hand of an old farm woman, clutching a fistful of money.

She was in the tobacconist's, along with a half dozen or so others of us, mostly women, and the tobacconist's was on the Piazza. She was no doubt the grandma or even the great-grandma of a family at one of the booths outside, and she'd been sent to lay in smoking supplies for the lot of them. But she was *really* old. She was old enough to be reverting to childhood, and like a child she recited the list of purchases—so many packages of this and that brand of cigarettes, so much smoking tobacco, and so on. Like a child, she'd been supplied with the proper amount of cash to pay for it all; and like a child she watched while the tobacconist made up the order.

When the order was filled, though, she just couldn't bring herself to part with the money to pay for it. As I've said, it had obviously all been figured out previously, and she had the money in her hand. But it came to a sizable amount, and when the moment came she just couldn't bring herself to part with it. Her hand tightened on the wadded assortment of notes and coins she had been sup-

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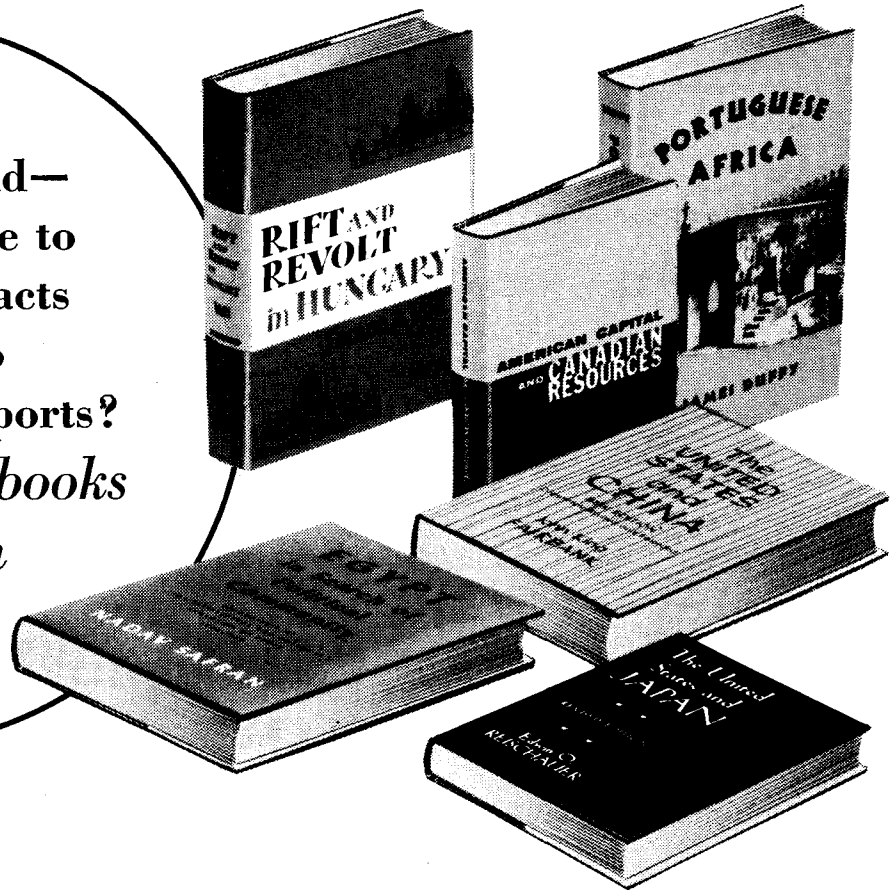
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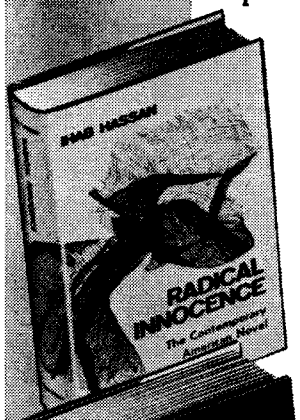

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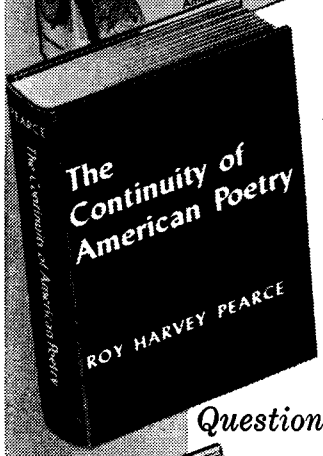

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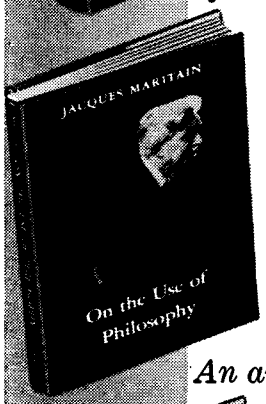

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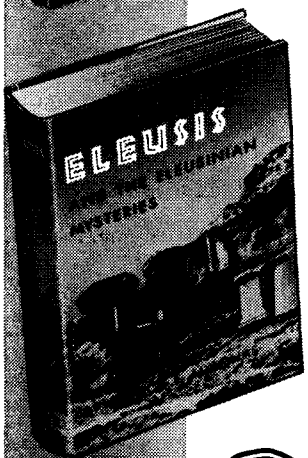

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plied with; her lips tightened and her wizened little head went down in a childlike attitude of stubbornness. . . . For my part, the main thing that interested me was the consideration everyone showed for the old lady's attitude.

The tobacconist's was near our hotel, which was the chief reason I patronized it, for the man himself was rather a sour individual. The Italian government had just issued a silver five-hundred-lire coin, to replace the paper note then current, and this apparently had given rise to a certain amount of counterfeiting; I remember that he had installed a small, square billet of marble on his counter, and he bounced every coin of the issue on it with a kind of vicious energy, to test the ring. The women in the shop were all big-busted, broad-bodied, burnt-faced women, black-clad—like the old lady, farm women all, come to market—and all in a hurry to get back to their booths so as not to lose customers. Orvieto is notorious for being a hard-hearted, hard-shelled, practical town. And yet everyone rallied round the crotchety old creature, coaxing, cozening her. Look, they said; you ordered these things, your folks want them, they gave you the money. Listen, *nonna,* grandma, you know yourself you can't get something for nothing. If you want it, you have to pay for it. . . . Slowly, in the end—the old woman's face still pinched tight with reluctance and distrust—the fingers opened, the bills and coins spilled out onto the counter.

THE INCIDENT at Arezzo was more complicated. Arezzo, I must say, is a jazzy town, noisy, bustling, its caffès loud with radio and juke-box music, its streets and piazze roaring with the exhausts of cars and motor scooters. Yet we were a little surprised, going up on our first Sunday to explore the ruins of the Rocca, to find the carved-stone blazon of the Medici arms, let into the wall above the long, barrel-vaulted entrance, surmounted by another—this one a round, metal-backed enamel affair, black and yellow, the insigne of the Vespa Club d'Arezzo.

At the moment, I took it to be just another instance of the Italians' celebrated irreverence of their own

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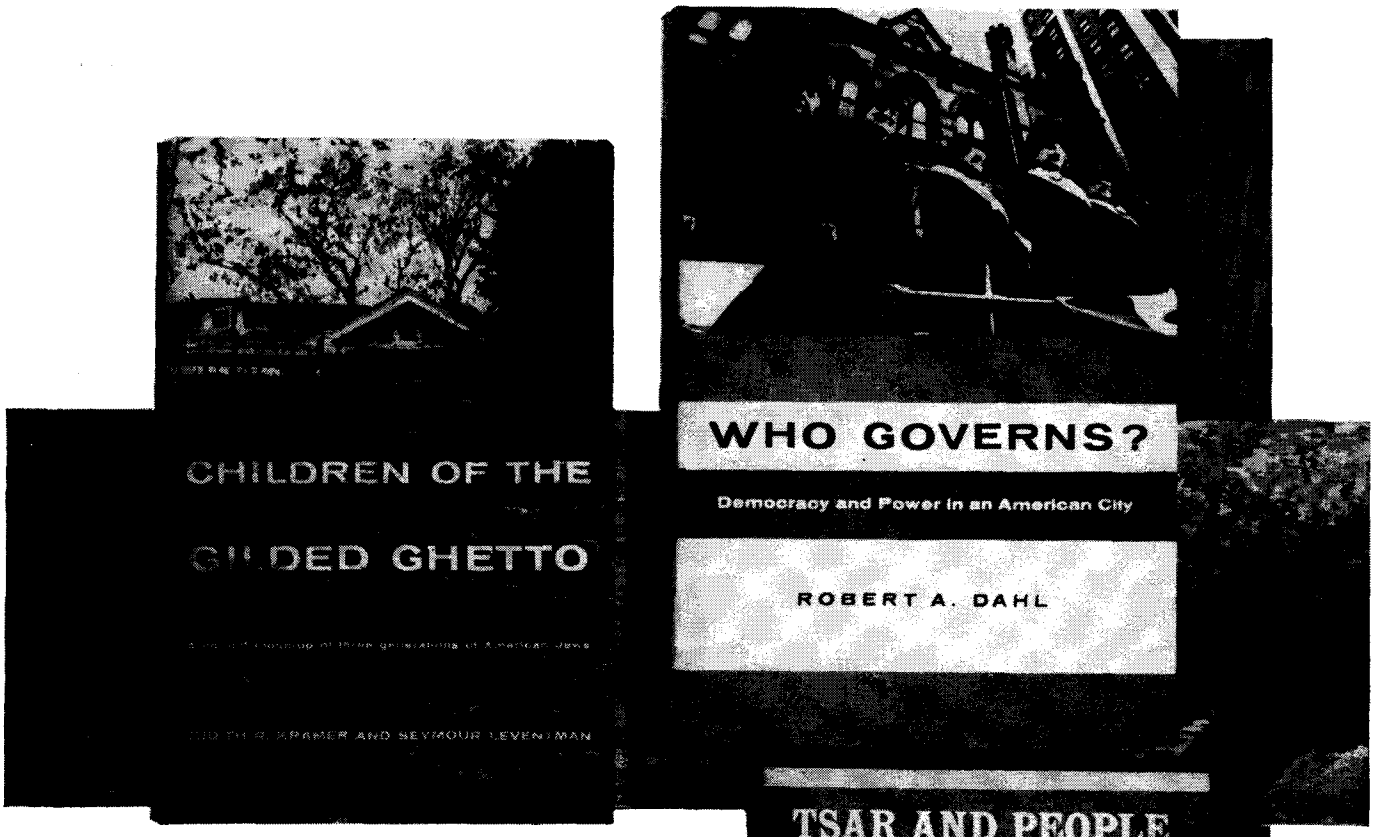

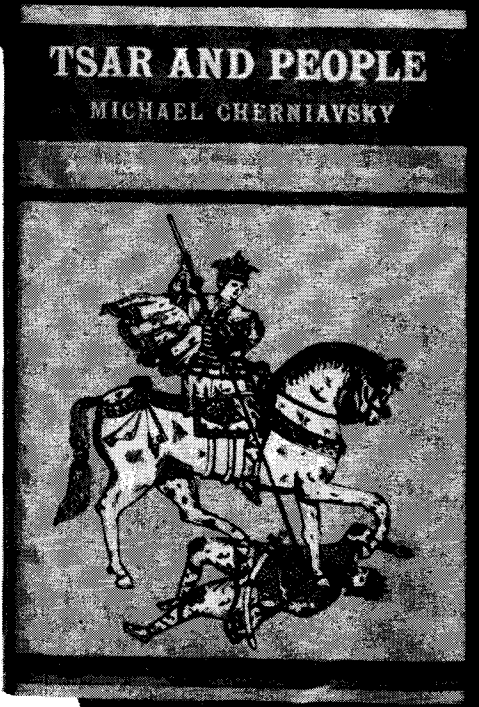

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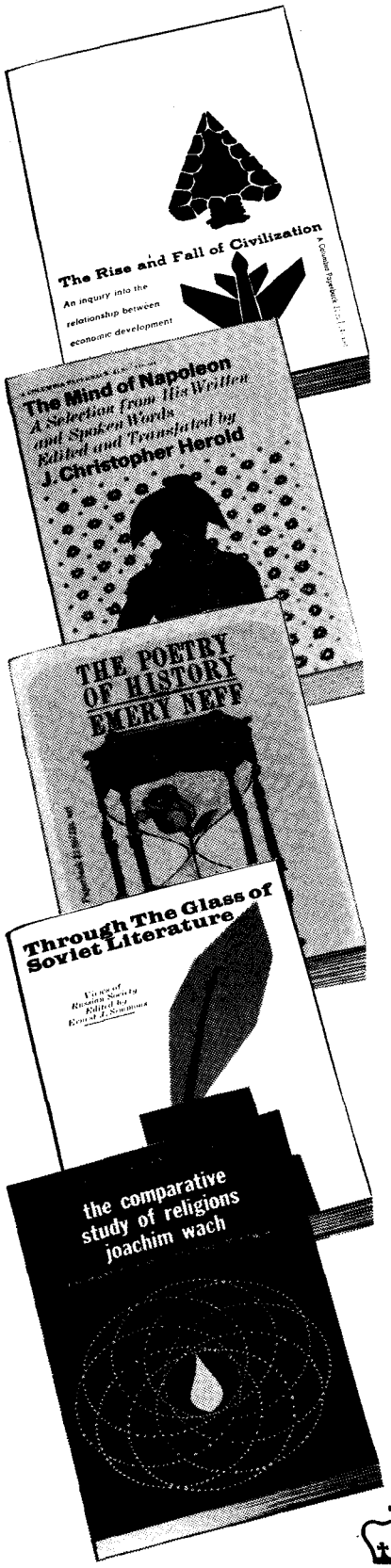
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past. I was wrong, however, for I learned on discreet inquiry that the sign in this case was only a temporary intrusion, and it had been put there in connection with a *gimkana,* or driving contest, to be held that afternoon at three o'clock, which was sponsored jointly by the said Vespa Club d'Arezzo and the Esso Oil Company, and in which contestants from as far away as Florence, Siena, and Perugia were to compete.

It was to be held on a large, roughly circular, scatteredly grassed, dusty field behind the castle walls, and we ate a hasty lunch that day, I can tell you, so as not to miss the proceedings. But it turned out we needn't have bothered, for though we got back to the Rocca only a little after three, it developed that to the Arezzans three o'clock meant, not the start of the races, but the beginning of the preparations for them.

The laying out of the course had to be completed, for one thing. A gymkhana is a test of driving skill, and in accordance with this a tight figure eight had been laid out, with an added diversionary circle in the middle and only the briefest section of straightaway to provide a roaring approach to the finish line. What must have been hundreds of empty pop bottles had been collected to mark the course, and when we arrived a half dozen or so eager Vespa Club members were setting them out, in double line and about a yard apart, all around the circuit. But there was a brisk breeze blowing, which also raised dust, and the bottles kept toppling over, and this necessitated a good deal of scurrying about to set them upright again. A lean young man, in a blue-serge suit and gleaming white oxfords, probably the club president and mounted on a Vespa, cruised about, supervising the proceedings.

There was also a good deal of other adjusting to be attended to. Here and there, obstacles had been set up along the course: a darts target, set off to one side, which the contestants were supposed to spear as they passed, was one, I remember, and a kind of teeter-totter had been set up farther on, consisting of a plank pivoted in the middle, which they had to ride up and then, after it had teetered, ride down again. And neither one of these had, till

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that moment, been adequately tested; now it turned out that the target had a tendency to fall off the frame it had been mounted on, and the plank shifted on its pivot at the first testing try.

So, a covey of Vespa Club members went roaring off importantly on their scooters to fetch rope, mauls, and stakes to anchor things more securely. The young man in the blue-serge suit kept riding around and around, inspecting, supervising.

Meanwhile, chairs were being put out under a tree near the finish line for the judges. Vendors, too, were arriving, setting up little stands to sell soda pop, gelati, fritelle or fried cakes, and other small delicacies. A new and—although he was casually dressed, in an open-throated shirt and wrinkled blue cotton trousers—obviously more important personage arrived. A large, pleasant-faced, placid man, he had a vaguely American look and I figured him to be the regional representative of Esso, or some such. But I never got near enough to find out.

By now—and by now it was going on four o'clock—a fair-sized sprinkling of spectators had arrived. These were of the heterogeneous sort that turns up anywhere at a free show on a Sunday: groups of soldiers on leave, a few young couples, families out for the afternoon stroll, children, strays of all sorts, buttressed by squadrons of Arezzan and other Vespa Club members, who arrived in phalanx, parked their scooters precisely, and remained more or less in formation throughout. The young man in the blue-serge suit still cruised diligently, keeping his scooter at about quarter throttle so as not to overshoot the confines of the small area he was supervising, and dragging one white-shod foot negligently to keep his balance. With all the traveling back and forth, the dust began to be a problem.

ALL THIS took time. But it was a lazy, leisurely, sunny Sunday afternoon in Arezzo, and the crowd, no doubt conscious that the show was free anyway, was remarkably tolerant. Around four-thirty, however, it began to grow restive. Faint hoots and catcalls began to be heard; as if at a signal, another dignitary—this one clearly *the* dignitary—arrived. He was

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a bland, portly man, with a jowled, Roman-nosed face, and he had a retinue of three other men, only slightly less jowled and portly, and there was something vaguely political about him: was he the mayor, the podestà himself, or a delegate from that office?

I don't know, but like all true dignitaries everywhere—at championship prize fights, at first nights, at opening-of-the-season ball games—he had known the precise moment for arriving: or was the time accommodated to his convenience? At any rate, the *gimkana* started at once.

It turned out to be an anticlimax. The contestants all had to wear crash helmets, and they had a Le Mans start (toe a mark, and then, at the signal, run over to the scooter, get the engine going, and be off). But the course stressed control so much that all efforts at speed had to be abandoned. The curves were so tight and the obstacles so numerous that the contestants' pace was reduced to a crawl; and though this probably was a fine object lesson to the youths of Arezzo—in whom I'd already detected a more than usual tendency toward loud exhausts and hot-rodding generally—it hardly made for a spirited showing.

The contest, I recall, was won by a red-coveralled Vespa Club man from Florence who had only one arm. He alone socked his dart into the bull's-eye of the target; he alone made the circuit without knocking over a single pop bottle, and teetered up and teetered down the plank without mishap. He alone was able to make much speed on the straightaway, and he was well applauded at the finish.

But the crowd had already begun drifting away by then, children, soldiers, lovers, families fragmenting off on their separate errands. The race was over and we were halfway down the hill into the town before an idea that had been lying tantalizingly in the nether regions of my mind came bubbling to the surface, and I realized suddenly where it was that we had been. Unquestionably, we had been in the ancient tilting yard of the castle, and the races we'd seen—and it gave them a certain fortuitous dignity—had been in a sense modern replicas of the knightly jousting that had gone on there, centuries before.

The Future That Came to Pass

HILTON KRAMER

ART MOVEMENTS, even the most radical and extreme, have a way of becoming respectable. Cubism astonishes us at first with its multiple surfaces and its changing views of an object, and then, within the span of a single lifetime, whole cities begin to embody its visual prophecies as a matter of course. Surrealism turns up some comic and wicked inventions that seem disruptive and revolutionary at our first encounter, but within a generation its devices stare back at us from a thousand book jackets and record covers. Such has been the fate of nearly all the radical styles that avant-garde movements have contributed to modern culture. Dadaist decorations fill the windows of department stores; neoplastic designs govern the look of our new banks and insurance companies. Visual ideas that were originally intended to challenge the status quo are neatly converted to practical and conservative functions.

Futurism had a somewhat different fate, however. It was, first of all, never exclusively an aesthetic movement. From the moment that the Italian poet Marinetti invoked the "good incendiaries" in his *Initial Manifesto of Futurism* of 1909, and invited them to "Set fire to the shelves of the libraries!," its commitment to social violence was clear and uncompromising. In announcing, moreover, in this same manifesto, that "a roaring motorcar . . . is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace," Marinetti raised the question of whether the conventional modes of painting and sculpture could ever really become the proper expressive vehicles for an aesthetic philosophy that clearly implied their obsolescence in the new world of speed and mechanics. Futurism seemed doomed from the beginning to search for an artistic fulfillment that its own doctrines announced as outmoded.

Between 1909 and 1912 Marinetti was joined by the painters Boccioni, Carrà, Russolo, Balla, and Severini in issuing fiery manifestoes and staging public demonstrations and exhibitions to back up their demands for an art that would enlist itself in the service of the new technology and turn its back forever on classical culture. Polemics, theatrical performances, and exhibitions of various kinds were carried on in the major Italian cities as well as in Paris, London, and Berlin. By a canny deployment of publicity devices, and never hesitating to employ physical violence where it would advance their cause, the Futurists managed for a few years to insinuate themselves into the main stream of artistic affairs in Western Europe. Guillaume Apollinaire wrote them up in the *Mercure de France* in 1911, and the next year Herwarth Walden published their manifesto in *Der Sturm*. In the lively period preceding the First World War, Futurism became, for a time, the name adopted by vanguard movements in other countries to indicate their dissatisfaction with inherited values.

THE DISCREPANCY that always existed between Futurist theory and its actual artistic practice could, for understandable reasons, be overlooked in the midst of the noise and bombast that surrounded the movement in its early years. While never inventive or original in conception, Futurist painting was sufficiently up-to-date in its plastic devices to pass for truly modernist work when it made its debut. Heavily supported by a barrage of rhetoric that sounded revolutionary themes, the paintings themselves could seem revolutionary to their first viewers.

As one looks back on the movement today, however, it is precisely the contrast between its revolutionary claims and its rather mundane, second-rate accomplishments that is most striking. After fifty years, the Futurists have the look of Italian provincials caught in an unreward-

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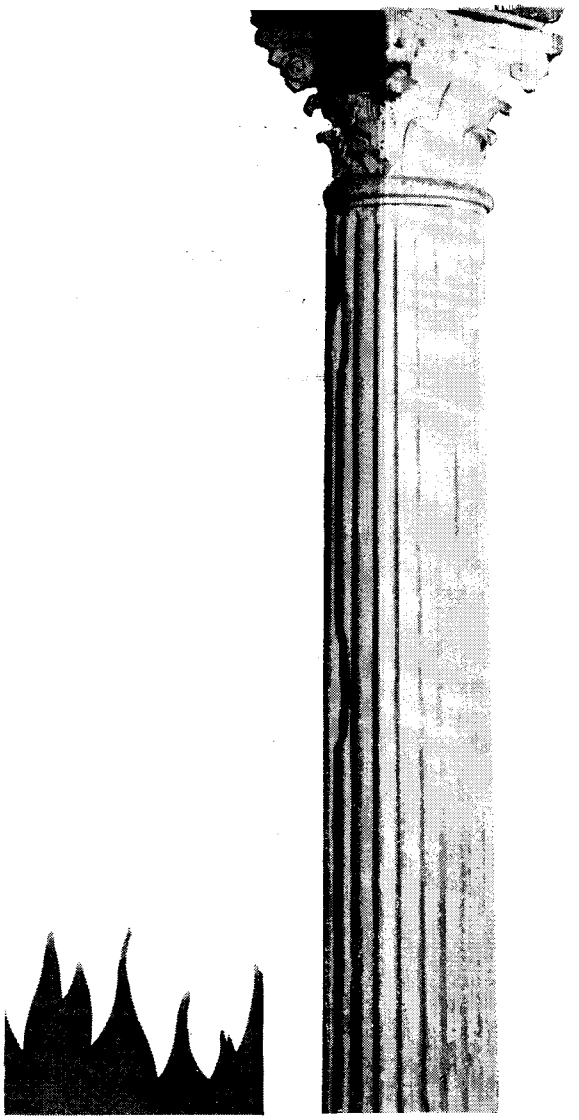

here was an ancient Greek who was so anxious to have people remember him that he set fire to the temple of Diana just to immortalize his name.

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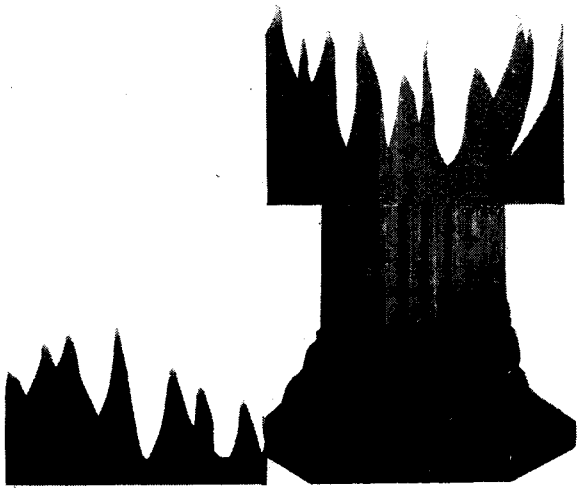

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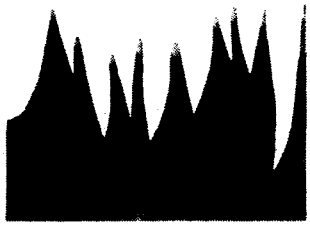

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ing confusion of turn-of-the-century aesthetics and local political frustrations. The large exhibition of "Futurism," organized by Dr. Peter Selz at the Museum of Modern Art over the summer and being shown this fall and winter at the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Los Angeles County Museum, was intended to mark the movement's fiftieth anniversary and perhaps to underscore some connection with current artistic interests, but for this observer it has only served to diminish the idea that the movement had something crucially relevant to say about modern experience.

Consisting of 103 works—paintings, sculpture, graphic art, and architectural drawings—by eleven artists, the exhibition displays a congeries of meager talents and mediocre minds straining to realize conceptions of art and life of which they have a very imperfect understanding. The chief value and interest of the show lie in the earlier and more conventional works being shown, those which give us a highly emotional glimpse of urban Italian life at the turn of the century.

None of them are great works, but they have a value as social and psychological reportage. Balla's "Work" and "Bankrupt" (both 1902) and "The Stairway of Farewells" (1908), Boccioni's early portraits and self-portraits, his "Mourning" (1910), and the early drawings of his mother and his artist friends—these convey the Italian *mise en scène* very effectively. (In addition to the main exhibition organized by Dr. Selz, the museum showed 137 items from the Winston Collection of Boccioni drawings and etchings.) The work of Severini, on the other hand, is interesting chiefly for the light it sheds on the predicament of an Italian artist who went to Paris early (in 1906, when he was twenty-three), immersed himself in the delights of French painting and Parisian Bohemia, and then faced—without ever successfully resolving—the problem of squaring such congenial allegiances with the necessities of Futurist doctrine.

Once we have paid our respects to Balla, Boccioni, and Severini, there is very little in the Futurist exhibition that rewards serious study. Gide said of Marinetti that he enjoyed "a lack of talent that permits him to indulge in every form of audacity," and the majority of Futurist painters, though similarly afflicted, were even lacking the gift for audacity. The architect Sant'Elia, who died before any of his projects could be realized, is an interesting minor figure—there is an account of him in Reyner Banham's *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*, which places him in a more meaningful context than the current exhibition makes any attempt at—but beyond this there are only the odds and ends of styles and techniques gone stale after fifty years.

MOREOVER, even in the work of Balla and Boccioni there is an abrupt change from the personal quality of their early work, with its commitment to observation and representation, to the later work in which the dynamics of a Futurist style are desperately attempted in a mixed-up foray into abstraction. This style consists, for the most part, of neo-Impressionist methods out of Seurat and Signac, Cubist techniques from Braque and Picasso, and various mannerisms from the Fauvist and Expressionist painters then active in Paris and Berlin. Excepting a certain tendency to keep its forms in motion —but more often in the manner of a juggler keeping balls going in the air than of anything as dynamic as a speeding automobile—there is almost nothing in the actual paintings that can be identified as specifically Futurist. Professor Joshua C. Taylor, in his painstaking monograph for the exhibition (*Futurism*, distributed by Doubleday, $6.50), admits that "To search for a 'Futurist Style' in the work of the original Futurist painters is a fruitless activity." He concludes that "Futurism was not a style but an impulse . . ."

In trying to grasp the exact nature of the Futurist impulse, one can be easily led astray by the Futurists themselves. Since their theory is more interesting than their art, there is a tendency to take them at their word. The truth is, they often said one thing and did another. Boccioni, in his *Technical Manifesto of Futurist Sculpture* of 1912, invited artists to "Destroy the wholly literary and traditional nobility of marble and of bronze. . . . Affirm that

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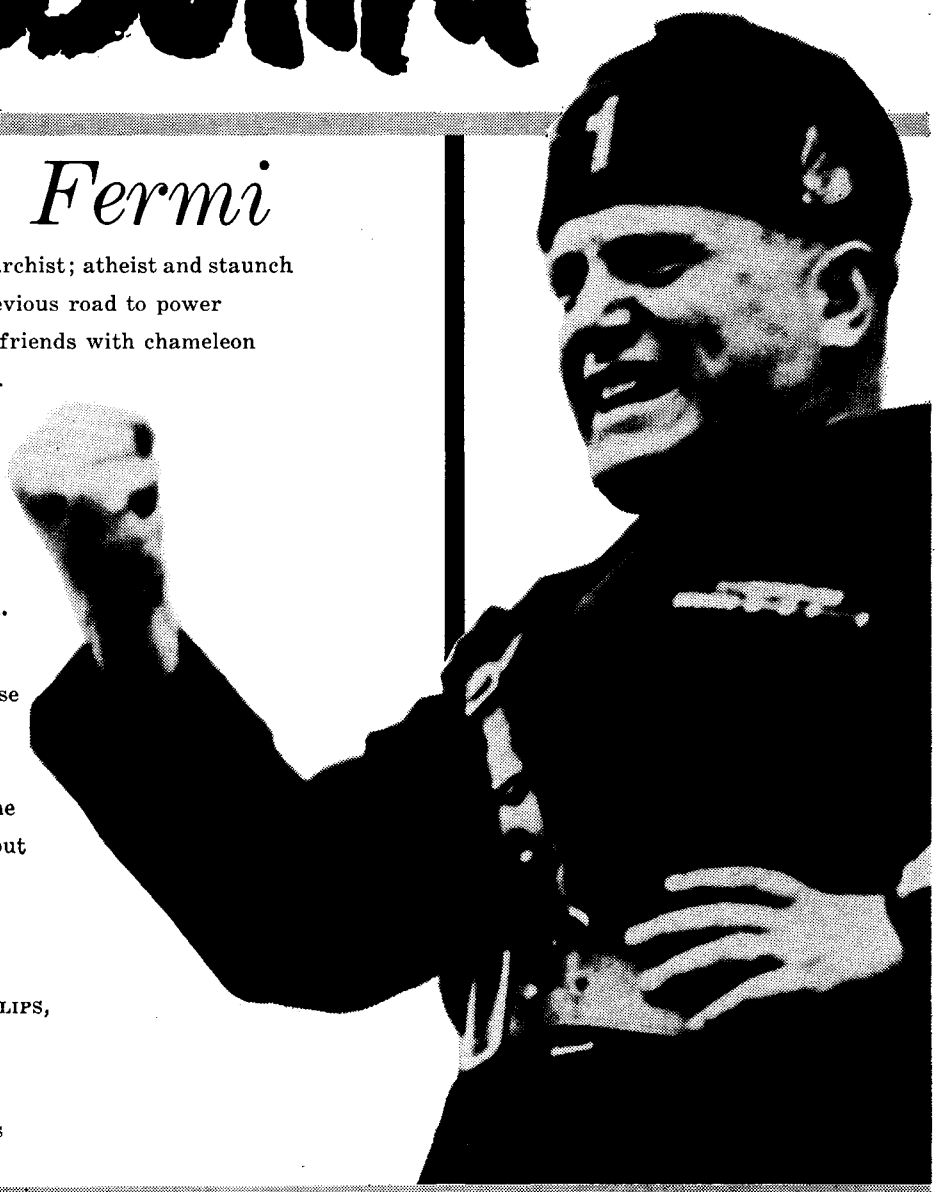
*"A POWERFUL PICTURE OF THIS MAN'S AMBITION, HEARTLESSNESS, VANITY, AND IGNORANCE."**

Mussolini

By Laura Fermi



Pacifist, warmonger; socialist, monarchist; atheist and staunch supporter of the Church – on his devious road to power Mussolini confounded enemies and friends with chameleon reversals in role and point of view. At last, as *Il Duce*, he stood at the gateway of a new Roman Empire. Then his reckless course delivered him into the hands of Hitler . . . and left him, finally, hanging by his heels in a Milan gas station.

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even twenty different materials can compete in a single work to effect plastic emotion. Let us enumerate some: glass, wood, cardboard, iron, cement, horsehair, leather, cloth, mirrors, electric lights, etc." But in the only Futurist work that looks as if it might survive as a noble expression of the period, Boccioni's own sculpture called "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" (1913), the semi-abstract figure is rendered in classical proportions, the work is meticulously executed in shining bronze, and the whole conception could very well be entitled "Mercury" without distortion. It looks back to Rodin, to the Renaissance, perhaps even to the Victory of Samothrace, far more than it looks forward to racing motorcars.

WHERE the Futurist impulse defined itself unequivocally, where the gap between theory and practice was effectively closed, was in the political sphere. It was Croce who remarked (in 1924) that "For anyone who has a sense of historical connections, the ideological origins of Fascism can be found in Futurism, in the determination to go down into the streets, to impose their own opinions, to stop the mouths of those who disagree, not to fear riots or fights, in this eagerness to break with all traditions, in this exaltation of youth which was characteristic of Futurism. . . ." And in 1924 Croce hadn't yet seen the worst. When Marinetti threw in his lot with the Fascists and thus effectively cut himself off from aesthetic concerns altogether, he finally resolved the contradiction that had been implicit in his initial declaration.

It is a mistake to assume, as some critics have done, that Futurism represents a prophetic attitude toward the mechanistic civilization in which we live today. By the time the Futurists took up the problem fifty years ago, thoughtful men elsewhere were already grappling with the destructive effects of technology on human affairs. They saw what the provincialism and late industrialization of Italy prevented the Futurists from grasping: that the crucial problem was going to be the preservation of human freedom in the face of the machine, not in acting as cheerleaders to the inevitable.

RECORD NOTES

CHABRIER: SUITE PASTORALE, ETC. Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, cond. (*Mercury MG 50212, mono; SR 90212, stereo.*)

The best and last word on Chabrier was said by Constant Lambert, who called him "the first important composer since Mozart to show that seriousness is not the same as solemnity, that profundity is not dependent upon length, that wit is not always the same as buffoonery, and that frivolity and beauty are not necessarily enemies." Perhaps Lambert somewhat overstated the case when he went on to characterize Chabrier as "the most genuinely French of all composers, the only writer to give us in music the genial rich humanity, the inspired commonplace, the sunlit solidity of the French genius that finds its greatest expression in the paintings of Manet and Renoir" (the description, after all, could apply equally well to Bizet), but the essential truth is there. Alas, we take ourselves even more solemnly in 1961 than in 1934 (when Lambert's brilliant *Music Ho!* was published), and Chabrier is still dismissed as light and inconsequential by most of the conductors who currently preside over our major orchestras.

Not so Paul Paray. As this record makes abundantly clear, he is a devoted Chabrier man and accords this music the same perfectionist care and concentrated enthusiasm that others reserve for Beethoven and Berlioz. Nothing goes amiss in these performances—the tone is ravishing, the articulation snappy and crackling—and nothing of Chabrier's "genial rich humanity" goes unnoticed. In addition to the piquant *Suite Pastorale,* the collection includes the overture to *Gwendoline,* the "Fête Polonaise" and "Danse Slave" from *Le Roi Malgré Lui,* and the familiar *España.*

To make matters perfect, Mercury's engineers have at last found a recording studio in Detroit—the Cass Technical High School auditorium—that does justice to Paray's excellent orchestra. The hard, fatiguing sound that has marred so many Detroit Symphony recordings in the past is now supplanted by far more lively and ingratiating acoustics. (The widely spread-out stereo version, incidentally, makes the most of the composer's bright instrumentation.) All we need now is more Chabrier—in particular, his enchanting *Ode à la Musique*—from the same source.

BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 2. Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. (*Command Classics CC 11002SD; stereo.*)

After two years of dominating the stereo best-seller lists with a succession of ingeniously scored percussive "pop" albums, Command Records is now branching out into the classics. The label's reputation has been built on ultra-clean sound and the tasteful exploitation of musical ping-pong effects. Fortunately, Enoch Light, Command's commander in chief and a onetime classmate of Herbert von Karajan at the Salzburg Mozarteum does not play ping-pong with Brahms. He has, however, striven for the same crisp clarity in reproducing

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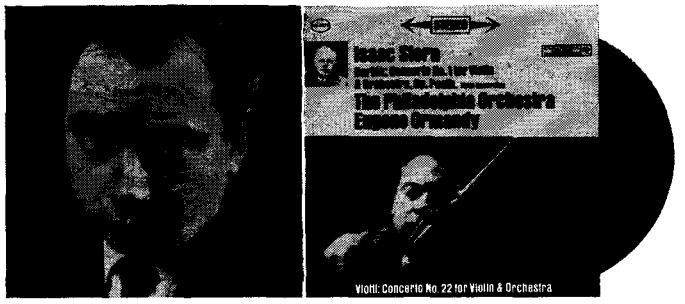
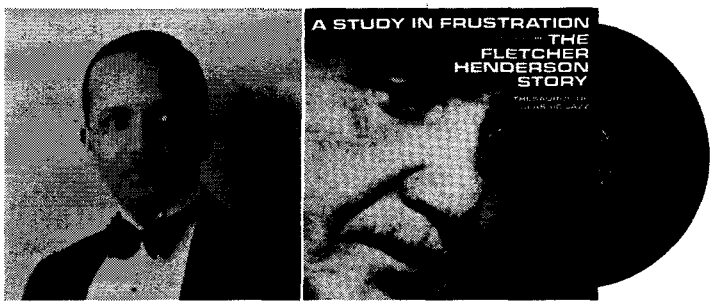
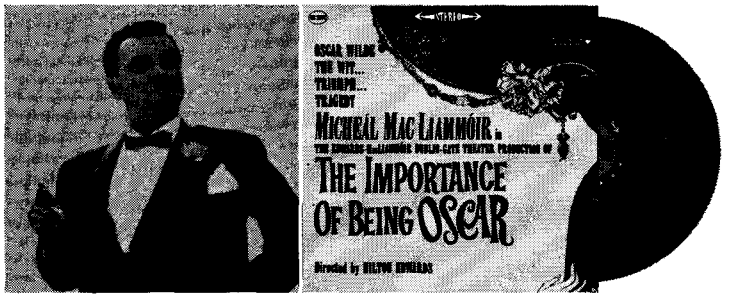


Bartok Rediscovered
Premiére recording of a newly-discovered Bartok violin concerto—a brilliant, impassioned work. An ardent, bravura performance by Isaac Stern with equally devoted Ormandy-Philadelphia accompaniment.



A Study in Frustration
Out of the archives and onto LP for the first time—a neglected giant of jazz—innovator, arranger, bandleader Fletcher Henderson whose talents, ironically, brought more success to others than to himself. A long overdue tribute in a 4-record set and 20-page book.

The "Boris" That Stormed Moscow
Moscow opera audiences gave George London rhapsodic standing ovations for his "Boris Godounoff." London's majestic voice, the dark grandeur of his portrayal surged through this new recording, sung in Russian.



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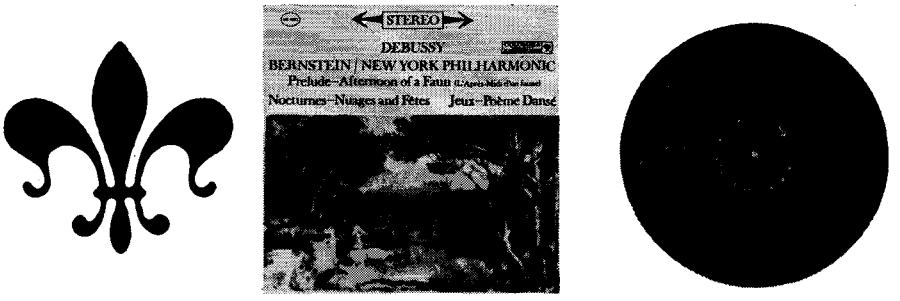
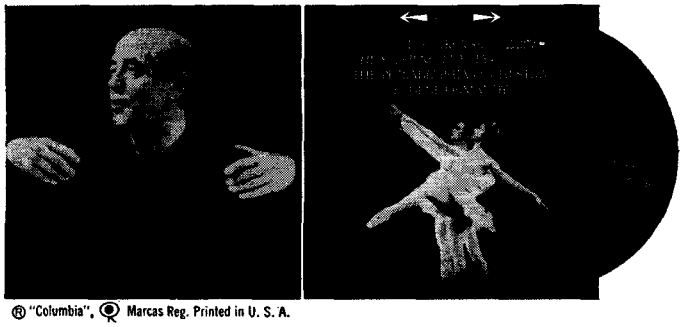


Debussy by Bernstein
An incandescent Bernstein-Philharmonic programme of cherished Debussy scores—all on one LP: *Afternoon of a Faun, Nuages, Fêtes* and the rarely-recorded *Jeux* ballet.



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Ormandy and the Philadelphians conjure up a sumptuous vision of elegant grace with their new recording of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* ballet suite.

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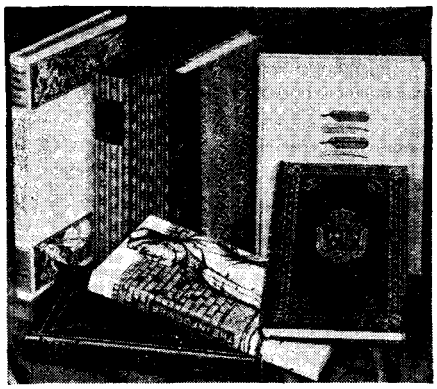

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the dense Brahms instrumentation as in his previous achievements with small percussive ensembles. The sound here is open, transparent, natural—neither too brightly brilliant nor too resonantly luscious, and entirely free from the taint of electronic gimmickry.

The performance is as effective as the engineering. Although William Steinberg is not a strong "personality" in the Beecham or Toscanini sense, he is a musician of wide-ranging and solid abilities, the sort of conductor who can too easily be taken for granted. His lithe, delicately accented reading of the Brahms Second combined with Command's cleanly defined recording makes this the most desirable version of the work now available.

MELBA: OPERA ARIAS AND SONGS: Nellie Melba, soprano. (*Angel COLH 125; mono only.*)

Fifteen of Nellie Melba's early London waxings (most of them dating from 1904) are included in this latest addition to Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series, and a dazzling collation it is. Let us sidestep the question whether turn-of-the-century singers were "better" than those of today and agree merely that they were different and that Melba's kind of vocalism—the hammerlike boldness of attack, the airy precision in florid roulades, the seamless blending of registers—will not be heard from any contemporary soprano. These recordings document an art at least temporarily lost.

The British critic Desmond Shawe-Taylor, who was responsible for the selection of material, wisely introduced an appropriate Edwardian flavor into the proceedings by mixing in some hopelessly dated drawing-room ballads of Tosti, Bemberg, and Arditi along with the usual operatic showpieces of Donizetti, Verdi, and Gounod. Happily, he also included the full 1904 version of the *Hamlet* Mad Scene, with its marvelously dreamy legato, and the delicious Aubade from Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*, which for me is worth the price of the record.

The sound is as good as can be expected from acoustic recordings of this date—which is to say that it conveys an accurate replica of Melba's articulation and phrasing and at least a notion of her renowned purity of tone. Angel must now follow up this collection with another one devoted to Melba's published and unpublished electrical recordings of 1926, those moving and artful last testaments of a unique prima donna.

VERDI: REQUIEM. Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Nina Isakova, mezzo-soprano; Vladimir Ivanovsky, tenor; Ivan Petrov, bass; Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra and State Academic Choir; Igor Markevitch, cond. (*Parliament PLP 154-2; two records, mono only.*)

The prospect of hearing some two hundred Soviet musicians perform a Latin Mass for the Dead under the direction of a long-exiled "White Russian" conductor has its built-in fascinations, but there is nothing bizarre or incongruous in the rendition itself. It is the most satisfactory recorded version of Verdi's Requiem since the Toscanini and De Sabata albums of the early 1950's.

These Russians attack Verdi's score with frank and uninhibited passion, and this is really the only approach that works. At least it is distinctly preferable to the lugubrious sanctity of Reiner's recent interpretation (RCA Victor) or the too serene and expansive refinement of Serafin's (Angel), both of which have moments of great beauty and the sonic virtues of stereo engineering but which fail as over-all statements of the music. The chief credit for this new made-in-Moscow effort must go to Markevitch, whose superb rhythmic vitality and keen feeling for the grand sweep of Verdi's rhetoric are very much in evidence. Of course, even the most accomplished conductor can be frustrated by indifferent executants, but in this instance it would seem clear that the Soviet musicians were determined to surpass expectations. The orchestra is wonderfully responsive (particularly in the string sections), the chorus full-bodied and well disciplined, the soloists—except for the tenor, whose bleaty Russian timbre seems out of place—first-class. Nobody would want to give this singing very high marks for subtlety or distinction, but its fervor and intensity are not to be resisted.

The album, available in monophonic form only, carries a $3.96 price tag. A "best buy" if there ever was one. —ROLAND GELATT

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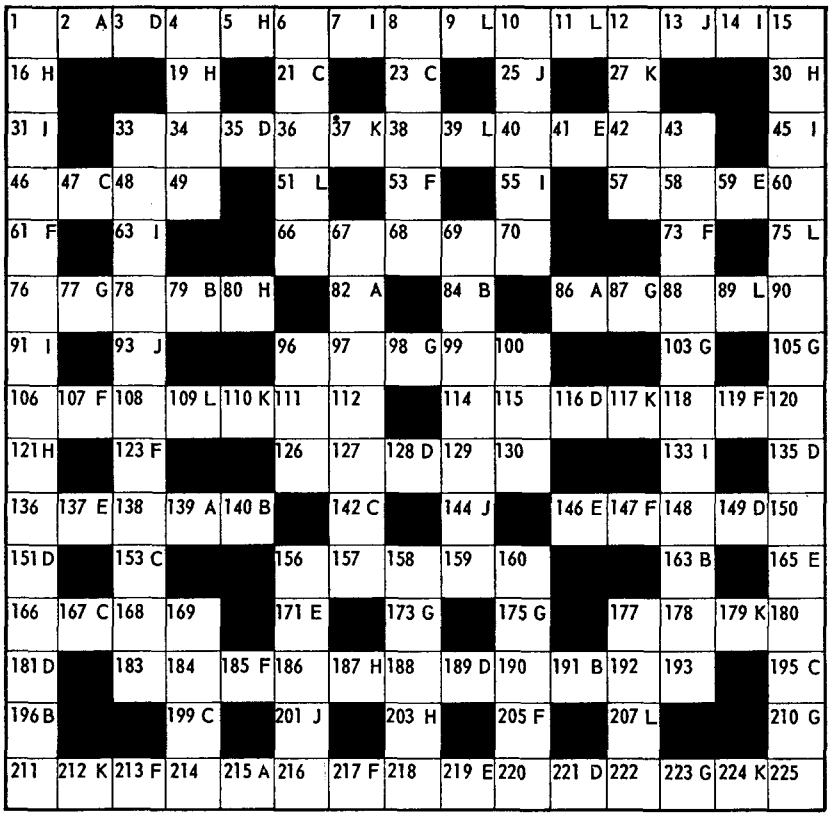
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 43

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person, the acrostician.



A. 2 86 215 139 82 Went astray.

B. 79 163 196 191 140 84 Slovenly.

C. 21 23 47 195 142 167 153 199
Denied the truth of what had been said.

D. 3 128 181 221 189 135 149
116 151 35
"The Preacher," i.e., Solomon.

E. 59 41 137 146 165 219 171
Making more racket.

F. 61 217 213 107 123 185 205
147 53 119 73
"But hear my_____, I implore you,
And you will be indignant, too, I vow!"
Gilbert, H.M.S. Pinafore.

G. 77 103 98 223 105 173 175
87 210
Designating the geological age extending from the Tertiary to the present. (Alt. Sp.)

H. 80 30 16 19 121 203 5 187
The wife of a member of the lowest rank of nobility. (Brit.)

I. 14 31 7 55 133 63 45 91
Haughtiest; proudest.

J. 13 201 144 93 25
"I do not know the man I should _____
So soon as that spare Cassius."
Shakespeare, Julius Caesar.

K. 179 37 117 27 224 212 110
A valuable fur sometimes called astrakhan. (Alt. Sp.)

L. 51 39 9 75 11 89 109 207
"The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue _____ sky." Addison, "Spectator 465."

Across

1. Members of the House of Lords who elapse therefrom (5,2,3,5)
33. Acts to train for feature presentations.
46. Hold the stop watch on this father.
57. Dispatched by the nets.
66. It satisfies completely to eat another way on shipboard.
76. Rubs at sea to clean with soap and water.
86. Part of stairs and part of earrings.
96. I substitute for anyone in these vines.
106. An official of a Spanish town may be a lad in lace!
114. Find forts at the very beginning. (5,2)
126. Don Marquis made him chary.
136. End it all like a fork.
146. Zeno's school and all its small company.
156. The ad used for mortality.
166. A variety of teas from the Orient.
177. Design of Mama Kenyon.
183. Designating the profession of the Acrostician.
211. Expel cruel scene and get what's just about perfection (5-10)

Down

1. Groups with whom the Acrostician is concerned. (10,5)
4. Tore about making forms without meaning.
6. It gores big bad men.
8. Understood when he got a citation.
10. Corrects proof in credit shortage.
12. Lambs in any true answer.
15. An engineering degree awarded for ices as cement. (6,2,7)
33. Something typical of U.S. culture, as mini-cameras.
43. Describing something marvelous sans elation.
67. Not propitious save in red.
69. You hear--I fired the gun, within your range of vision.
96. Aid in Crete.
100. Pen in the language of Majesty.
156. A diver's shot from the tee!
158. La Paz Technical College holds an ancient civilization.
160. Hourly for Henry or Hal.
169. It's a change of diet associated with 46 across in the proverb.
177. A lame man on an island in the Indian Ocean.

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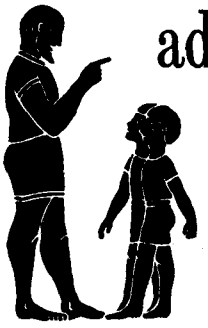
The Aesop that children--and almost all adults--never knew



Over the centuries, Aesop has grown in fame and diminished in meaning.

What was, in the original, potent and stimulating, has been watered down for the kindergarten set.

Now Lloyd W. Daly, scholar and classicist, returns to the original Aesop and gives us the fables with all their vitality, all their rich meaning, and even their frequently candid, Grecian forthrightness. These are the fables as the Greeks knew them; strong, frequently amoral rather than moralistic, crisp and readable. Here are all the fables, including many omitted from earlier volumes because they were considered improper or immoral. This is Aesop uncensored.

Here too, is a delightful life of Aesop, probably written in the First Century A.D. A fascinating and unique piece of ancient writing; lively, irreverent and unblushing.

"Vastly entertaining...'The Life' belongs on the same shelf as Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Burton's translation of *The Arabian Nights*."—*N.Y. Times Book Review*. Richly illustrated. $5.95

AESOP WITHOUT MORALS

Newly translated and edited by Lloyd W. Daly

THOMAS YOSELOFF
11 E. 36 St., New York 16

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

"ISN'T HE ADORABLE?" sighed a lady behind me in a Benefit voice. She was talking of Robert Morse in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and he was: both adorable and succeeding. For a long time I have not seen a happier conjunction of talents than that among Abe Burrows (who with Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert adapted the show from Shepherd Mead's book), composer Frank Loesser, and this extraordinary young man who manages to make the most barefaced opportunism, the most doublefaced maneuvering, not only very funny but positively heart-warming. What he does with his short body and his guileless blue eyes and his boy features has to be seen to be believed. In his meteoric rise from window washer to chairman of the board of World Wide Wickets, the range of his gestures and expressions makes the Moiseyev Dancers look static, and it is no wonder at all that the ravishing Bonnie Scott as a company secretary hangs onto his ascending coattails.

But then, everything in this world of coffee breaks, buck passing, nepotism, and corridor kissing is just as it should be, including the resurrected Rudy Vallee as the company boss. Big Business has been taken for a ride, and so has the happy audience.

I SUSPECT that the early demise of *Do You Know the Milky Way?* after highly successful productions in Europe was due to the chasm that exists between the Teutonic intellectual idiom and the American one. The message of this expressionistic parable was not in itself obscure. And it even had the added virtue of being affirmative: if you accept responsibility and maintain integrity in the face of the world's corruption, you can return to the purity and innocence of your youthful star. To convey all this, playwright Karl Wittlinger has used a German soldier returned from the war and a psychiatrist in a mental institution to act out their interrelated psychodrama before an inmate-audience: us. In the many scenes that follow, on many provocative levels, the doctor plays all the faces of corruption, greed, and duplicity that confront the naked soul of man, and in these thirteen different parts George Voskovec proved his staggering virtuosity as an actor-satirist whom prewar Europe knew well and Broadway finds little expression for. Young Hal Holbrook as the sane soldier-patient was, in quite another way, just as gifted and often moving.

Yet to most of the audience, most of the critics, and myself, *Milky Way* failed to engage the emotions and only partially engaged the intellect. There was a block somewhere: the turgidity, the labor, the difficulty of the German mind, where even the light touch taps too hard.

THE AUDIENCES at *The Caretaker* are puzzled too. As I wrote last year from London, this play of two seedy brothers and a revolting old vagrant they harbor is consistently baffling. It appears to go nowhere and be about nothing, but the nowhere and the nothing are so absorbing, thanks to Harold Pinter's uncanny sense of theater and ear for speech, you find yourself engaged whether you want to be or not.

Milky Way tries to say more than *The Caretaker*. But Pinter, far out as he may seem, is closer to us.

"FAR OUT" brings me to Jerome Robbins's *Ballets: U.S.A.* and to trends in contemporary dance that I find unfortunate. They concern, quite simply, the removal of pleasure. First you take away music and compel your audience to watch spasmodic abstractions of movement for twenty minutes with no sound but the occasional thump or shuffle or hiss of feet. Then you take away illusions of costume or scene and allow your dancers only the sweat-

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shirts and leotards they practice in, and which in their bleakness have apparently become as mandatory for the choreographer as have heavy black strokes for the abstract-expressionist painter. Then you force them into the familiar attitudes of delinquents at rumbles: rumps out, arms splayed; ripe for aggression, not so much against each other as against those in the audience foolish enough to yearn for grace or joy or beauty, those far-out words.

THE GOOD NEWS on the television front is double: *David Brinkley's Journal* (NBC) and Intertel.

Brinkley's illustrated commentary on our world is astringent, funny, balanced, and guaranteed to irritate righteous Americans. He doesn't think much of people who hang around the fringe of Cape Canaveral, who publish Britain's tabloids, who pretend that crime doesn't pay, and who feed sacred cows with their own corn.

Intertel—International Television Federation—is not only a wonderful idea but a working fact: the union of five television broadcasters in the four major English-speaking nations to produce hour-long documentaries for viewing in prime time. These are Associated Rediffusion, Ltd., of Great Britain, the Australian Broadcasting Commission, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and, for the United States, the National Educational Television and Radio Center and the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company.

The last two did a first-rate job last month with "Postscript to Empire," a study of Britain in transition that was fresh and powerful and enormously revealing. Wholly free of clichés, it concentrated on life in a Thames community in London, the Isle of Dogs, and on the prefabricated city of Stevenage—ostensibly a paradise for the working class but by no means free of trouble. Light and air and cleanliness should be better environments for the family than decay and congestion. But they too exact a payment—the kind of homogenized living that leaves the young bored and restless, in the uprooting of long tradition.

If all the four countries see films as good as this, communications will have taken a long stride ahead.

BOOKS

Poor Old Red

ALFRED KAZIN

SINCLAIR LEWIS: AN AMERICAN LIFE, by Mark Schorer. *McGraw-Hill. $10.*

Once in the middle 1930's I had the unforgettable experience of seeing Sinclair Lewis in action. It was a night when he was on the wagon. I did not know then why this was so significant an occasion for his friends, but I could see that the many glasses of iced coffee being served up to Lewis, and the many references to the fact that "Red" was very fond indeed of iced coffee, somehow helped to make the evening even more charged than it already was.

Sinclair Lewis sat glowering in that room like a caged lion; he looked as if he could not decide whether to amuse the spectators, or to roar at them or to commit an obscenity, or just to bite them. Like most "liberal" and well-meaning Americans, I had of course grown up on *Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith, Elmer Gantry, Dodsworth*—these books were so intensely readable and rereadable, they were so brilliantly alive and recklessly critical, I was so fond of the jokes in them, the America in them, most of the people in them, that it was a shock to see in the flesh the venomous ugly man who had written them. His skin was pitted with the holes of some ferocious acne. Though he sat slumped in his chair with ostentatious boredom, his long thin bony figure lacked the touching awkardness you sometimes associate with shy, pent-up, rustic-looking figures of the type. He was jack-in-the-box, and when he sprang up, it was right at you. I've never seen so much sustained unpleasantness in one evening. He grimaced, snapped, bit, and hushed only to take on more streams of iced coffee. Then he abruptly got up and declared that he had to go home "so that I can write in the morning, so that you [pointing to a reviewer] can review it, and you [pointing to a professor] can teach it, and you [pointing to a publisher] can sell it. . . ." On this he took himself off, whereupon the professor, an old friend, said reflectively, "Poor old Red, he's certainly getting worse."

"Poor old Red" was to get much worse after the 1930's, and his novels were to become even unreadable. Yet while some decline after the 1920's was common among writers of Lewis's generation who had suddenly become famous (Dreiser's last good novel was 1925, Hergesheimer stopped writing, Cabell went virtually underground, Cather tried to escape the modern age entirely), somehow none of these people went to pieces in public the way Lewis did. For one thing, he never stopped writing novels—as he never stopped traveling, acting, quarreling, making speeches. Everybody had read his important books, everybody's picture of the country owed something to *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, to Gopher Prairie and Zenith and Wheatsylvania; now the very intensity of Lewis's success and the extent of Lewis's popular influence were retained to document his steady decline as an artist and his extraordinary misery as a man.

FOR LEWIS was famous as only a famous American novelist can be. No poet in twentieth-century America, certainly no scholar, not even a successful playwright (the theater being all in New York), commands such wide influence and arouses such merciless curiosity. Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, now J. D. Salinger—each has tapped a public response which arouses the most bitter jealousy on the part of less successful novelists. And just as inevitably, each of these writers has been driven frantic trying to outwit the public and to live up to his reputation.

Until his first and surprising success with *Main Street*, Sinclair Lewis had been the very type of the moderately interesting novelist with the big output who has to make up in dependability what he lacks in genius. He was eager, terribly hard-

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TOVARICH, THIS TROIKA ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US . . .

In the scene above, what seemed to be a successful Berlitz solution to one problem is rapidly turning into a crushing problem of *mammoth* proportions. With the reader's permission and the help of the ever-popular flashback, let's see how this weighty impasse came about.

"In the near future, I'm flying to Russia on business", the motion picture executive told the Berlitz School Director. "It would be much easier to sell our latest epic if I knew how to say 'colossal' in Russian. I'd love to learn to speak Russian at Berlitz. My problem is that I'm constantly driving around visiting theatres and I have no time."

As fast as you can say "samovar" the Berlitz Director suggested a solution. Arrangements would be made to have a Berlitz instructor drive around with the movie man and teach him Russian right in his car.

—And the plan would have worked—but for one small miscalculation—the movie man's auto. As you can see above, you can't fit a king size Berlitz instructor into a pint size car.

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working, vaguely Socialist in the Villagey style before 1917, but never committed. He worked in publishing houses, he wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post*, he could write anything for anybody. There seemed to be hundreds out of the Midwest like him in New York—and in no respect was his own story more ordinary than in the fact that he was the son of a good "professional" family that expected him to do better than the boys off the farm. His father, his maternal grandfather, an uncle, and his brother Claude were all physicians, and the father in particular was The Problem—a stern small-town dignitary by whom people set the clocks every morning at seven when he walked down to his office.

If nothing was more ordinary than Dr. Lewis's prodding of Harry Sinclair Lewis—"Why can't you do like any other boy ought to do!"—no "misfit" of an ugly, awkwardly sensitive, vaguely "literary" son was ever more the typical campus oddball and rebel. Every college teacher in America has known the gangling, disheveled, "difficult" student whose temperament is more vivid than his mind. What distinguished Lewis even then was his nervous energy. Everything about him was excessive—he could never shut up. His parodies and imitations had an hysterical nervous force; he could gulp down a pint of whiskey, fall asleep, and wake up again to resume the monologue. Frankly, if I hadn't seen him perform, I would never have recognized just how peculiar and lonely he felt, nor would I have understood the repeated and monotonous legends that followed him everywhere, from Sauk Centre to his death in Rome in 1951. Yet though he was almost unbearably vivid with his red hair and peering blue eyes and pitted face, with his unstoppable imitations and freshman-prom masquerades, with his clutching raw demands that everybody notice him and praise him, he had a mind that was exhaustingly energetic but not interesting. Bernard DeVoto once said that Lewis had the mind of a cheerleader; it is a fact that the first American to win the Nobel Prize for literature had in many respects exactly the kind of salesman's mind that he liked most to satirize. He really didn't know any better. He was certainly more uncomfortable with his mind for neurotic reasons than because he knew it to be so gross and inefficient an instrument beyond the kind of marvelous mimetic talent that he did have.

"Oh God," he cried out in Florence near the end of his life, "no man has ever been so miserable!" Eventually everything went to pieces for him. He left each of his two wives, lost one of his sons in the war and rarely saw the other, and at the end was reduced for the most pathetic companionship to the mother of his ex-mistress. And always everybody knew how peculiar and unhappy he was, and everybody told everybody else. Even his first wife wrote two books about him, and no prima donna of the American novel has ever been described with the impersonality with which Thomas Wolfe did Lewis in *You Can't Go Home Again* and the savage contempt with which Hemingway did him in *Across The River and into the Trees.*

He was a most wretched man, a machine for writing who drank in order to live with his frenetic talent, but who could never keep any of the loves or friends he needed most for his living. Yet worst of all, everybody always knew the worst—about his sexual failures, his complexion, even his breath. As I write, I see that his former secretary Barnaby Conrad has published a novel based on Lewis, and what leaps out at me from the review is the fact that Sinclair Lewis had bad breath. This is at least the third reference in print that I have seen to Sinclair Lewis's breath—and what interests me about it is the fact that only about Sinclair Lewis, of all the important American writers of our time, would this have been put into print so many times.

Lewis had a perverse gift for inviting condescension and contempt. It is clear that he disliked himself, that he felt that he could never live up to his stern and old-fashioned father's adjuration to "do like any other boy ought to do!" And hating himself never so much as when his work began to fail, he practically asked for contempt from the people who could never understand why this oddball, with the mind of the cheerleader and the salesman should have

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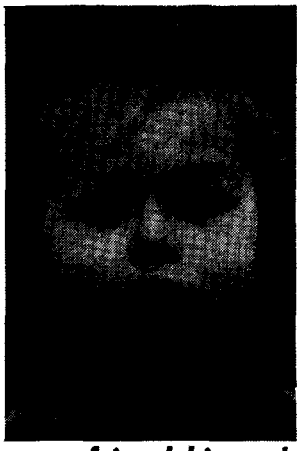
written *Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith. . . .*

After one session with him, I felt that I knew all about the unpleasant Sinclair Lewis; and now on reading Mark Schorer's long, full, and dramatic biography, I see that everybody else who ever met him, especially when he began to go under, retained every unpleasant detail. Sinclair Lewis did not hide himself, as did Sherwood Anderson; he did not escape to the past, as did Willa Cather; he did not stay home, as did James Branch Cabell. He went under, with the most crashingly public lack of reticence; he went under in every big city of the United States, in many a lecture, before many a college class for a guest talk, and all over Western Europe. He was so famous that everything was noticed, and he had been so successful that apparently he now felt that he had a *right* to go under so atrociously. This was fame of a kind, too. No one who met him ever forgot the world-famous, ugly, spectacularly unhappy man who could go to pieces under one's eyes.

AND they are all in Schorer's book; he has interviewed everybody, looked up everything, thought it all out. And since Schorer set out to write the big book on Sinclair Lewis, it is understandable that he should have done it so meticulously and written it so well. As a biography, it is stupendous in its completeness, harrowing in its details; as a critical interpretation, it is brilliantly just in its estimate of Lewis's work and fascinating as a parable for Americans of "an American life." It is the book of an expert scholar and acute literary intelligence, and it finally answers the question I asked myself nine years ago when I heard that Schorer was writing the big book on Sinclair Lewis: why should he want to? For Schorer is about as different a literary mind as you can imagine—learned, complex, full of the special and touchy sensibility of modern criticism. But though he has been far more patient with Lewis's books than I would have expected, I can't say after reading his book that he *likes* Lewis or his novels any more than I would have expected him to.

So that must be why he performed this prodigious effort of research, this



Sappho Skyanotis is 4½. She is so small, so young, so frail, she seems not quite real. If there are plans or hopes in her mind, they are for an end to the hunger pains in her stomach.

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laborious examination of Lewis's failures and catastrophes. An excellent kind of criticism is often written when the critic does not really approve of his subject; for then the critic is forced to make everything explicit, to give all the grounds of his argument. It is clear that Lewis's career makes a fascinating subject to so sophisticated a writer from the Middle West as Schorer, almost a quarter of a century younger, and proportionately disenchanted; this is why the career can be so fully and dramatically presented. The book is like the ritual sacrifice of the older, cruder generation by the younger. For Lewis marks an end to a whole chapter of American cultural life—of its aborted idealism as of its confident command of the social facts. Schorer correctly says that Lewis's novels are perhaps the last important American novels that are primarily concerned with social class. But Lewis is also the end of a whole period of provincial eagerness and hope—his best work will always recall a time when Americans liked themselves better than they do now, when they expected more of the world because they expected more of their country. Lewis is the voice of that provincial hope, and its curious gift, for he is the incarnation of its joyous self-criticism.

A Successful Failure

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

NORMAN THOMAS, RESPECTABLE REBEL, by Murray B. Seidler. *Syracuse University Press. $5.50.*

GREAT DISSENTERS, by Norman Thomas. *Norton. $4.*

A year or so ago, I shared a platform with Norman Thomas at the University of Michigan. It was a pleasant afternoon, most of it spent in denouncing the House Un-American Activities Committee for its attack on student demonstrators in San Francisco. Finally, Thomas rose. He strongly supported the students in their anger against the committee and the San Francisco police. But then he asked if everybody in the audience was prepared to defend the civil liberties of Southern racists to demonstrate peacefully for segregation.

Some of the students tried to make subtle distinctions whereby protest against the House committee was protected under the First Amendment but the public advocacy of racism was not. One of them came to me after the meeting and said that it was too bad Thomas had forfeited so much good will by bringing up this irrelevance.

The point of this reminiscence is that Thomas is to this day a vigorous public figure with a distinctive and often controversial political position. In the general image, he has become a hallowed living legend, a sort of Bernard Baruch of the Left. American society deals with Thomas's continuing, and often acid criticism by eulogies of this symbol of dissent—and by refusing to confront his nagging, embarrassing stands on specific issues.

The publication of Murray Seidler's biography and Thomas's own study of the great dissenters (Socrates, Galileo, Tom Paine, Wendell Phillips, and Gandhi) will once more reveal the profound affection he commands in this nation. Much of the comment will be as gentle and patronizing as obituaries. But this is to miss the complexity and paradox of one of the most important men in the history of American radicalism.

In Murray Seidler's biography the last chapter is, almost predictably, called "Successful Failure." I myself regard Thomas as the most compelling and sane political spokesman in American today. Out of this respect, let me treat him not as a living legend, but as a man.

THOMAS is one of the authentic American figures of our time. Tall and striking, his very bearing seems to incarnate a peculiarly American and Protestant sense of social justice and personal integrity. Yet, if we are to understand Thomas as a man, and much of the history of contemporary American radicalism, we

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must confront the fact that in part he failed.

The failure lies not in the fact that Thomas never became President. Rather, it is that the impact of his leadership has been almost entirely personal, that he was not able to build an effective, organized Socialist movement. The decisive problem Thomas faced in this regard was how to bring his party into some kind of viable relation with the political forces of American liberalism, and particularly the New Deal.

In the 1930's, the great time of radical resurgence, many of the best and brightest men and women who were attracted to Thomas reluctantly left his party and went over to the liberal wing of the Democrats. Typically, they retained many of Thomas's ideas and a deep affection for the man, but they deserted his organization. For the young idealist was confronted with a difficult choice. He could stay with the Socialists and, given the party's policy, probably be isolated in the labor movement or some other immediate work; or he could break organizationally with Thomas and seek to carry out some of his ideas through the unions or the New Deal. Hundreds, even thousands, of the most dedicated people in various social movements faced this decision. Most of them left Thomas's party.

THOMAS strove to work out an approach that would build a bridge between his ideas and organization and the complexities of American political life. He did not succeed. Often, his loyal partisans made a rational policy impossible. When Thomas attempted to make new departures (for instance, when he did not oppose La Guardia in the 1937 mayoralty campaign in New York), he had to strive against the dogmatism of some of his own supporters.

In a sense, Thomas failed because he was caught in a crossfire. On the one hand, there were the pressures of the pragmatism and traditional forms of American political life. On the other hand, there was the tendency toward intransigence in his own movement. He was unable to resolve this tension—and I suspect that no one could have.

And yet it would be a mistake for us to think of Thomas as a moralist

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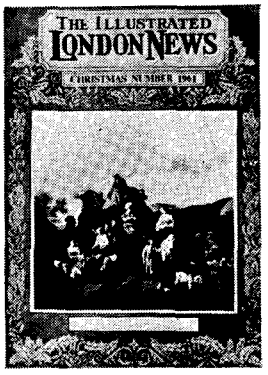

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divorced from the actual struggles of his time. He is a magnificent and shrewd leader of men. It is a deficiency of Mr. Seidler's book that he does not describe Thomas's work with the sharecroppers, the civil-rights movement, the civil libertarians in their battle against Mayor Hague of Jersey City, and so on. On a host of specific issues, Thomas was and is an effective, practical leader. His failure was in his inability to give organizational form to the conviction that these various causes pointed toward a larger synthesis, toward the idea of a new society.

Mr. Seidler's study does not attempt an analysis of Thomas and his times in depth. It is a good narrative introduction to one of the most important figures in the history of American radicalism—and it has the merit of dealing with Thomas's critics as well as with his admirers. Thomas's own book reveals one more aspect of a complex man. It was written in the midst of a whirlwind of activity, yet it is a meditation on historic dissenters. The scholarship is not new, but often the insight is. There is, for example, a warm feeling on the author's part for Wendell Phillips, and there is a passionate, wry contempt for those who would equate the abolitionists and the defenders of slavery under the common rubric of "fanatics."

I HAVE DWELT on the ambiguities and complexities of Norman Thomas as a way of emphasizing my original point: that he has the right to be treated as a political figure, not as a living legend. Today, he is the passionate champion of disarmament, disengagement, and a "holy war" against international poverty. He was sharply critical of President Kennedy and the Cuban invasion; he is fighting for a reduction of sentence for Junius Scales, the former Communist who has just begun to serve a six-year sentence under the Smith Act, some four years after he left the party.

The legion of Thomas well-wishers includes many who might disagree with him on Berlin or Laos. They are right to celebrate him as one of the great practical moralists of our time, but their highest tribute would be to face up to the indictment Thomas is still making.

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